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**HISTORY OF THE PILGRIMS.**

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THE  
HISTORY OF THE PILGRIMS;  
OR A  
GRANDFATHER'S STORY

OF THE  
FIRST SETTLERS OF NEW ENGLAND.

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" . . . . . showing to the generation to come the praises  
of the Lord, and his strength, and his wonderful works that he hath  
done."—*Asaph*.

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1831.

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS.....TO WIT:

*District Clerk's Office.*

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the twenty second day of March, A. D. 1831, in the fifty fifth year of the Independence of the United States of America, CHRISTOPHER C. DEAN, of the said District, has deposited in this Office the Title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, *to wit* :—

“The History of the Pilgrims; or a Grandfather's Story of the First Settlers of New England. “ . . . . showing to the generation to come the praises of the Lord, and his strength, and his wonderful works that he hath done.”—Asaph. Revised by the Publishing Committee.”

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled “An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned:” and also to an Act entitled “An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, an Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.”

JNO. W. DAVIS, { *Clerk of the District  
of Massachusetts.*

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# HISTORY OF THE PILGRIMS, &c.

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## INTRODUCTION.

“For inquire, I pray thee, of the former age, and prepare thyself to the search of their fathers; shall not they teach thee, and tell thee, and utter words out of their heart?”—*Job*.

ON the shores of Massachusetts Bay once lived the venerable Mr. Allerton. In early childhood he became pious, and amidst all the concerns of middle age, he maintained the character of a devoted servant of Christ. As he advanced in years, he grew in piety, till at the age of seventy-four he was generally known by the name of *Father Allerton*.

This appellation was given on account of his patriarchal character; but it was not unsuitable in other respects. He had been the father of nine children, five of whom lived to the age of manhood, and were settled in the neighborhood

of their father. These young families grew up around their sire, like thrifty shoots about the moss-covered trunk of an aged tree, drawing nourishment from the old stock. Especially did the grand-children of this patriarch receive many a lesson of wisdom from his experience. He took great delight in conversing with children, and would sometimes collect all the little folks of the neighborhood at his own house, on a winter's evening, or a summer's afternoon, and relate to them what happened in his young days, and what his grandfather told him when he was a child. In this story-telling way he usually made his little hearers feel, that in order to be *happy*, they must be *good*.

Madam Allerton, too, had an excellent faculty of gaining the good will of the young, though in a different way. There was not a child in the neighborhood which had not received some small token of affection from her hand. These little presents, though trivial in themselves, were well adapted to gain the love of children; and as they grew up to manhood, this childish affection also grew into a strong and lasting esteem. Their own children, as I before said, had reached the age of manhood, and one after

another had left their father's house to become heads of families themselves. Yet this aged couple were not left alone. Two or three of their grand-children were constantly with them, to attend to their wants.

I once had the pleasure of spending a few days in this interesting family, and mean to give my youthful readers some account of that visit, especially of a conversation that passed, respecting the Pilgrims of New England. But I cannot expect that it will be as interesting to you, my children, as it was to me, unless you keep Father Allerton in view, and attend closely to what he says. Even then you will not see his silver locks, and the wrinkled features of his smiling face, and that mild eye of his, which was many a time moistened with tears, as he told a tale of suffering.—I say you cannot see all these circumstances, which very much increased the interest of his conversation.

It was late in the afternoon when I arrived at the old mansion. I had seen Mr. Allerton once before, when a lad of sixteen ; but as a number of years had passed away since that time, I supposed, of course, that he had forgotten me long ago. In this, however, I was happily disappointed. For

he no sooner heard my name, than he recollected me at once, and alluded to several circumstances of that short visit, which I had quite forgotten. Every body likes to be remembered by those with whom he once was acquainted ; but if our former acquaintances, after a few years of separation, treat us as strangers, we are obliged to conclude that they never felt very much attached to us ; for weak attachments are soon forgotten.

I was early taught to respect the aged, especially, if they were good ; but the venerable appearance of this patriarch, filled me with a kind of sacred reverence. I shall not stop to give a particular account of the family, but will just say that it consisted of Father Allerton and his wife, and two grand-children ;—Edward, a promising lad about *twelve* years old, and Emeline, a rosy faced girl of *ten*.

The remainder of the afternoon was spent in friendly conversation, in which the children also joined with becoming modesty. Soon after tea, Emeline whispered something in her grandfather's ear, which drew from him a very affectionate smile.

“ Does Edward, too, wish to hear it now ? ” said Mr. Allerton.

“ Yes Sir,” replied the blushing girl, “ if you think best to relate it now.”

Then turning to me, the old man remarked, “ I have usually spent this hour of the day in the business of instructing the children. Yesterday I promised them the story of the Pilgrims to-night. And (looking upon Emeline) I am pleased, my daughter, that you remember the promise ; though perhaps it may be best to defer it till another time, and talk about something else this evening.”

The prospect of hearing this venerable descendant of the Pilgrims relate their history, gave me unbounded pleasure ; for I said “ days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom.” And as he paused and seemed in doubt whether to go on with his usual instructions, or defer them on my account, “ I should rejoice,” said I, “ to be one of your hearers this evening on that subject. The history of New England’s first settlers has all the interest of a novel to me.”

“ And much *more*,” said Mr. Allerton with a look that reproved me for using that word in this connection ; “ *much* more, I trust, than any

mere fiction. The interest that is felt in a novel arises chiefly from a supposed resemblance between the representations of the writer, and things of real existence — unless, indeed, the taste of the reader has been so perverted by the study of fiction, that it has lost its relish for the plain realities of life. Now if a fictitious show of great and virtuous deeds can interest us, how much more interested must we be in a true narrative of such deeds! And where will you find a record of events so remarkable as the simple story of our Pilgrim Fathers? *History does not furnish it—fiction cannot produce it.*”

I was preparing to make an apology for letting drop such a foolish comparison; but the brightening up of the old man’s countenance as he touched upon the Pilgrims, and the deep earnestness with which he pronounced the last sentences, made me forget my apology, and every thing else but his promised story.

“I am constrained,” said I, “to add my own earnest request to the wishes of the children, that you would give us an account of those worthy men this evening.”

“My usual method of instructing these children in such subjects,” said Mr. Allerton, “I

fear will not interest you ; for I always endeavor to make myself fully understood : and for this purpose I encourage them to ask questions and offer their remarks as I proceed."

"In this way," said I, "you find it easy, I presume, to keep their attention, and they too will be more likely to remember your instructions. Perhaps, Sir, you will allow me the same freedom of inquiry?"

"O certainly," returned Mr. Allerton. "Emeline, you may speak to Edward and tell him we will go on as usual this evening."

Emeline hastened away with an air of peculiar satisfaction. As she closed the door I said, "The little girl seems wonderfully interested in the business ; has she ever read much about the Pilgrims?"

"Very little," said he. "In truth, Sir, there is no account of them, that I know of, written in a style suited to the young. Mather's *Magnalia* which has the very pith and marrow of this subject, you know, is written in such a tedious style, and is arranged in such a disorderly manner, that very few persons even of adult years have patience to read it. Though by the way, let me

tell you, Sir, no body was ever a loser by reading Dr. Cotton Mather's *Magnalia* through."

"What other authors," said I, "would you recommend one to read, who is desirous of looking after the early history of this country?"

*Mr. Allerton.* Why, there is New England's Memorial, an excellent book, by Nathaniel Morton; and Hubbard's History of New England. Purchas' Pilgrims and Johnson's Wonder-working Providence are good. In Prince's Chronology too, you will find much that is valuable, but still more in the Massachusetts Historical Society's Collections. Others might be mentioned, but even these which I have named are much neglected. Every son of New England should at least keep Morton's Memorial by him, and be familiar with its contents."

"Mr. Morton, I think," said I, "was the Old Colony's Secretary, for some time, was he not?"

"Yes, for the space of forty years," replied Mr. Allerton; "and a faithful, industrious Secretary he was, too. We are much indebted to him for his care in preserving many valuable records, which would otherwise have been lost. There is now in the first church of Plymouth,



a volume of church records in the hand-writing of Secretary Morton, which he gathered up from the origin of that church in England, and kept with great care till 1680, just before his death. In this he has recorded many interesting events, which are no where else to be found. Every such scrap of information respecting the Pilgrims is becoming more and more important as we get farther away from their times."

"The remark of Livy," said I, "concerning history in general, seems especially true of the history of New England; 'It furnishes us with striking examples of virtue, which we may easily set before us as models of imitation.'"

"Yes," said Mr. Allerton, "models, too, of the highest excellence. We are compassed about by 'a cloud of witnesses.' The principles and practices of our forefathers, and the remembrance of God's dealings with them, should be carefully preserved and handed down to posterity, 'that the generation to come may know them, even the children which shall be born, who shall arise and declare them to their children; that they may set their hope in God, and not forget the works of God, but keep his commandments,'"

At this moment Edward and Emeline came into the room and took their seats near the ancient arm-chair of their grandfather; Mrs. Allerton, too, was ready by this time to sit down with her knitting work among us.

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## CHAPTER I.

“ Let children hear the mighty deeds,  
Which God perform’d of old :  
Which in our younger years we saw,  
And which our fathers told.”—*Watts.*

*Mr. Allerton.* Well, my children, you are expecting now to hear me tell about the Puritans, I suppose.

*Edward.* It was the *Pilgrims* I believe, grandpa', that you was going to tell us about this evening—those men who first settled in New England.

*Mr. Allerton.* You are correct, my child ; they both mean the same persons. I called them *Pilgrims*, for that is the name by which they are generally known, because they left their home and became “ strangers and Pilgrims on the earth,” like those Old Testament patriarchs mentioned in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. But still these same first settlers of New England were all *Puritans*. So that you will sometimes hear them called by one of these names and sometimes by the other.

*Emeline.* Why were they called Puritans? What does Puritan mean?

*Mr. Allerton.* You have asked a very proper question, *Emeline*. And I will begin their story by answering it. When Queen Mary reigned over England the common religion of that kingdom was the Roman Catholic; and the Protestants, or those who dared to *protest* against it, were persecuted without mercy.

Here *Emeline* wished to know if it was that same Queen Mary who once burnt Mr. John Rogers alive.

“The very same,” said Mr. Allerton. “You recollect the picture of his burning in your Primer.” That wicked queen caused a great many other good men to be imprisoned and burnt. But God did not suffer her cruel reign to last more than five or six years. After her death, which happened I believe in 1558, her sister Elizabeth became queen of England. She was a Protestant, and therefore the persecution against the Protestants was stopped. Many good people who had fled into other countries to escape Mary’s cruelty, returned home again after her death. As soon as Queen Elizabeth began to reign, the Roman Catholic

religion began to sink, and Protestantism was established in its stead through the kingdom. Do you know the difference, Edward, between the Roman Catholic and Protestant religions?

*Edward.* The Roman Catholics, I believe, have a Pope, and the Protestants have not; and the Pope thinks he can pardon sinners; and I have heard that they worship pictures, and pray to Christ's mother. Is it so?

*Mr. Allerton.* Yes, and they pray to other saints in heaven beside the mother of Christ, and worship their images. They believe that their Pope cannot do wrong, and look to him as their religious, or spiritual Teacher. On this account their religion is often called Popery, and sometimes Papacy. The Popish priests are all obliged to wear a particular kind of dress when they perform religious service, and they have a multitude of idle ceremonies in their worship, which I must not stop to explain. You said the Protestants had no Pope; is this the only difference between them and the Catholics?

*Edward.* I never have known much about the Protestants; only you said just now, that

they protested against the Roman Catholic religion.

*Mr. Allerton.* It is not strange that you should never have heard much about the Protestants, for they are not often called by that name. And yet *we* are Protestants ourselves. There are several kinds of Protestants. There are the Episcopalians, the Presbyterians, the Congregationalists, the Baptists, the Methodists, and some others, who are all Protestants. Those who lived in England in the time of Queen Elizabeth were Episcopalians, or the Church of England, as they are often called. I need not stop here to tell you any thing very particular about the church of England, for you will see, as I go on with the story of the Pilgrims, what kind of a church it was at that time ; though I am happy to say that they are very different now, especially those who live in this country.

A great many of the unholy ceremonies and practices of the Catholics were laid aside when Elizabeth began her reign ; for she forbid them to be used in the Episcopal worship. Thus a reformation commenced, and good people hoped and believed, that all those unscriptural customs of the Popish church would soon be cast out

entirely. But the queen did not wish to have such a thorough reformation in religion as many of her people desired ; and this made a dissatisfaction. She still kept some of the Popish rites and ceremonies in the Protestant form of worship. For example, the members of the church were still required to kneel at the sacrament ; and the ministers must *read* their prayers in public worship from a book called the *Liturgy*, which was made for that use ; and they were obliged also to dress in the same kind of robes when they preached, that the Roman Catholics wore. These things were a grief to many good people, who wished to worship God in spirit and in truth ; for it looked to them like a part of Popery. They begged the queen, therefore, and the bishops, to put off these “ marks of the Beast,” as they called them. But their petitions were scorned. Some of these conscientious persons next entreated that they might be excused from these customs themselves, even if others did observe them. But the only answer they got was a new law, that threatened severe punishments upon all who would not conform to the established mode of worship ; and the

reproachful name *Puritan* was given to these scrupulous complainers.

*Emeline.* It was a nickname then, was it not, grandpa'? Is it right for us to call them Puritans?

*Mr. Allerton.* It was certainly a nickname, as you say, and was meant as a term of reproach upon all who complained that the common form of religion was not *pure* enough for them. But the holy character of those who bore this name soon made it respectable in the estimation of every good person. And many now think it an honor to be called the descendants of the Puritans.

"I have always wondered," said I, "that Queen Elizabeth should have been so resolute for these Popish forms; for I believe that she once hardly escaped persecution herself, from her Roman Catholic sister."

*Mr. Allerton.* It is less wonderful when we consider how proud she was of her royal authority. She would seldom be advised by any one, and could not bear to think of following the advice of the humble Puritans, although she acknowledged that the Scriptures no where enjoined these forms of worship.



The effect which such hard treatment had upon the Puritans was just such as we might expect. It made them feel still less inclined to obey the queen, and conform to the Church of England ; for every such act convinced them more and more that their opposers were wrong. It seemed to them that they were persecuted for righteousness' sake. But still they were unwilling to make a disturbance. They only wished to have some customs laid aside which had been borrowed from the Roman Catholics. And they would no doubt have gained their point if their opposers had listened to reason. But the queen and her bishops were provoked at the perseverance of the Puritans, and alarmed at the increase of their numbers ; so they determined to put them down by force. A law was passed, as I told you just now, requiring all to worship God in the same manner. Fines and punishments were threatened against those who refused to conform. Forty-four men were appointed, who were called an Ecclesiastical Court, with full power to try, condemn and punish, in any way they pleased, all who would not obey the laws of the Established Church.

But still Puritanism increased, and the Puri-

tans grew more and more determined to worship God in the way that seemed to them right. Some began to leave the Episcopalian meetings on account of those forms that were practised there, and to meet by themselves in dwelling-houses, or in the fields. At last a law was made, that any person above sixteen years old, who refused to attend meeting in the regular place of worship for the space of a month, should be cast into prison ; that if he still refused to attend for the space of three months, after being condemned for the first offence, he should leave the country and go into banishment ; that if he did not leave the country immediately, or if he ever returned home again, he should be put to death as a criminal.

By such severe laws men of high standing and influence were turned out of office, because they were suspected of favoring the Puritans ; many of the most godly ministers were forbidden to preach, and others were put in their places ; persons of fortune were ruined by enormous fines ; the prisons were filled with conscientious Puritans ; and some were actually put to death.

*Emeline.* Was there no way for them to get clear of all these sufferings?

*Mr. Allerton.* O yes; they might have escaped them all by giving up their religion. If they could only have consented to do what they fully believed to be wrong, they might have lived at home without any of these troubles, and had a plenty of this world's riches and honors. But would you have advised them to do so?

Emeline looked very thoughtful, but made no reply. After a few moments' pause Father Allerton proceeded.

The Puritans loved the comforts of this life, no doubt, as well as we do; but they looked beyond them, and saw a better portion in heaven; and they had rather part with all they had here than to lose that. They were sorry to disobey the laws of the queen, but still they would do it rather than break the commands of God. They dreaded to be imprisoned here; and yet they would lie in prison all their days, rather than be shut up in the prison of despair forever. "When we are in our graves," they said, "it will be all one whether we have lived in plenty or in want; whether we have died on beds of down, or on beds of straw. Only this is the advantage of a

mean condition, *it is a greater freedom to die.* And the less of comfort any have in the things of this world, the more liberty they have to lay up treasures in heaven."

*Edward.* If they really believed that it was wrong for them to worship God in the way that the queen directed, I cannot wonder that they should rather suffer anything than do it; but still would it not have been better for them if they had left England and gone into some other country, as you said the Protestants did when Mary was queen?

*Mr. Allerton.* A great many of the Puritans did go into foreign lands. But just consider for a moment how trying it must have been for them to think of forsaking that sweet home where they were born and brought up, and that dear country where their fathers had lived and died, to spend the rest of their days in a distant and strange land. Just suppose, for a moment, that we were now in their situation—in danger of being thrown into prison or put to death like criminals, if we stay in this country. You advise us to flee away. But we cannot carry our house and land with us, you see; and still we shall need a house and some land wherever we go.

Then we must sell our property here, and sell it to our persecutors too, for what they please to give us. Well, after we have sold our house and furniture, and land and cattle, for just what they please to give us, and have collected together all we can carry, and are ready to leave this neighborhood—never more to return again—which way shall we go? We must not think of stopping in the next town, for we should not be out of danger there. If we should go from Massachusetts into the next State, there we must not settle. Should we travel to the farther end of this country and stop, we could live in no more safety there, than we can here. Tell me now, my children, what we must do?

The children looked at each other, then at their grandfather, and then at each other again, but said nothing.

We might go off, continued Mr. Allerton, into the woods, and live among the Indians; but I suppose you would rather not go there. Well, then we must go on board a vessel and sail across the ocean to some distant land. There we should be out of the reach of persecution, perhaps; but we should find ourselves amongst strangers, who live in a very different way from

what we do ; and they would speak a language which we could not understand. They would know nothing about us, and very likely would care nothing about us. Then we should think of the home we had left, and those who once came to see us, and whom we loved.

“ O dear, Edward,” sighed Emeline, “ how hard it would be to be driven away from home in this manner, and never be allowed to come back again !”

“ I know that,” replied Edward, in a thoughtful mood, “ but still I think it would be *harder* to suffer such things as the Puritans endured at home.”

*Mr. Allerton.* Emeline is of the same opinion, I presume, and so were the Pilgrims. There was a time once when they would have felt happy to escape from their country and home.

“ What !” said I, “ were they not allowed to live at home in peace, nor to go into exile either ?”

“ It was certainly so,” replied Mr. Allerton, “ as you may see by consulting the old records of the first church in Plymouth, which are still preserved in the hand-writing of Secretary Morton.”

“ We have thus far talked about the Puritans in general. I am now going to speak of those in particular who became ‘pilgrims on the earth,’ for religion’s sake—those worthy men who first came to this country, and from whom we are descended. But before I proceed, my children, to tell you any more, I will just see if you remember well what I have already said.”

Having made this remark, Mr. Allerton asked them the following questions, which the children answered in a manner that showed how well they had given their attention.

In what country did the Puritans live? What was the religion of England while Queen Mary reigned? What was her character? Who was the next queen? What was the established religion during her reign? Why were the Puritans dissatisfied? What request did they first make? How was it treated? What did they do next? How were they answered? What was the consequence of such laws? How did the Puritans bear this treatment? Now, my children, tell me what you think of these Puritans yourselves?

## CHAPTER II.

“ And others had trial of evil mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment ;—being destitute, afflicted, tormented : of whom the world was not worthy.”—*Paul*.

“ Rise, O my soul, pursue the path  
By ancient worthies trod ;  
Aspiring view those holy men,  
Who liv’d and walk’d with God.”—*Needham*.

WHEN Father Allerton had examined his grand-children on what he had told them, and heard their reflections on the Puritan character, he then proceeded with his story.

*Mr. Allerton.* My children, I cannot express to you my feelings as I call to remembrance the names of Robinson, Brewster, Carver, Bradford, Standish, and a host of others, “ who,” like the ancient worthies of whom we read, “ through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises—escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong.” I remember, too, that some “ were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection.” I say when I call to re-



remembrance these Fathers of New England, and reflect that we are their children, my feelings are too deep for utterance. We are sitting here very comfortably this evening, and hardly know the meaning of *want* and *distress* ; but all these comforts were bought at a dear expense of suffering. However, they are now at rest in heaven——

The old man paused here to wipe away a tear, that had been gathering while he spoke, and which now began to trickle down his wrinkled cheek.

*They*, I say, are now in heaven—those weary Pilgrims are now at rest from all their toils. But, my dear grand-children, I beg you to consider, as I tell you their story, how many obligations you are under to them ; and how you ought to maintain their pious character and follow their holy example.

The Rev. John Robinson was the minister of that church which first came over to these shores and settled at Plymouth. He was born in England, in the year 1575. Very little is known of his early life, except that he was educated at the University of Cambridge. He is said to have been a learned, pious, and polite man, and had

a very modest and meek disposition. When he had finished his studies he settled in the north-east part of England as an Episcopalian minister. But he soon became a Puritan, and suffered all those kinds of ill treatment, that fell to the lot of the Puritan clergymen generally. In the year 1602, several pious persons in those parts, seeing their ministers forbidden to preach because they could not consent to follow all the customs of the Episcopalian Church, and finding themselves greatly oppressed in the ecclesiastical courts, determined to leave the Church of England, and to form a new and independent one by themselves. In the first place they solemnly promised to each other "that they would walk with God and one another in the enjoyment of God's ordinances, according to the New Testament pattern, whatever it might cost them." Mr. Robinson was their minister.

"But was this the *commencement*," said I, "of Independent and Congregational churches, and was Mr. Robinson their founder?"

*Mr. Allerton.* These were the first, and the only men in England then, that dared to come out in this bold manner; and, of course, they were now exposed to greater severities than

ever. But they were not at all discouraged, for they had long been accustomed to hard usage, and bore it with Christian courage.

*Edward.* How many do you suppose there were of them ?

*Mr. Allerton.* Their number was quite small at first, so that they all met in a private house on the Sabbath. But they increased so fast, that two congregations were soon formed. Mr. Robinson preached to one, and Mr. John Smyth to the other. Mr. Robinson's church used to meet at the house of Mr. William Brewster, who took great pains to accommodate them, and was at much expense.

*Emeline.* I recollect you mentioned his name just now, with a number of others ; I should like to know more about Mr. Brewster.

*Mr. Allerton.* This is not exactly the place to give you an account of this worthy Pilgrim ; however, a few things may be said of him here. He became pious quite young, and was sent to College. After he left College he was employed to assist Mr. Davison, who was a great man in Queen Elizabeth's time. Mr. Brewster went with him to Holland on some important business, and on their return home, Mr. Davison gave him

a gold chain as a mark of respect for his wisdom and faithfulness. He lived with this nobleman some time, and then went home to his friends in the north of England, where he was highly esteemed as a gentleman, and a Christian. Here he did much good to the cause of Christ by giving both his time and his money. He was one of the first who commenced the formation of a new church, and was afterwards chosen a ruling elder in it. But I will tell you more about this good man by and by.

After Mr. Robinson's church had suffered many things from their cruel persecutors—some being thrown into prison, some driven away from their houses, and others forbidden to leave them—having endured such kind of treatment for the space of seven or eight years, they at length resolved to leave their country and home, and seek a shelter in Holland. This was the only place then where they could enjoy religious liberty. But when it was known that they talked of leaving England, public orders were given to prevent them, and the ports and harbors were watched night and day. However, they ventured to hire a ship, and agreed with the captain to take them in on a certain day, and at a par-

ticular hour of the day. They were punctual at the time, but the captain did not come till the following night. And when he had received them all on board, he basely delivered them and their goods over to the town-officers, with whom he had before agreed to do so. The poor Pilgrims were immediately searched and plundered, and carried back to the town. There they were marched through the streets and insulted by the gazing multitudes, who came flocking from all quarters to see them. They were next thrown into prison, where they all lay for a month; and Mr. Brewster, with six others, was kept much longer.

*Edward.* Why did the queen wish to keep them in England?

*Mr. Allerton.* The queen, my child, was not living; she died several years before. King James was now on the throne.

*Emcline.* Did *he* hate the Puritans too?

*Mr. Allerton.* He did, even worse, if possible, than Elizabeth had done, although he had lived among them in his younger days, and pretended to be their friend before he became king. But as soon as he got the kingdom, the Puritans were treated with more cruelty than the Roman

Catholics. And yet these same Catholics tried every means in their power to set up their own unholy religion, and to destroy Protestantism. I will just state one fact to show you how they behaved. Soon after James was crowned king, they laid a plot to kill him and all the great men of the kingdom together. They secretly put 36 barrels of gunpowder under the house where the king and these men were to assemble, intending to blow them all up at once, and to charge it upon the Puritans. This *gunpowder plot* was discovered just in time to break it up. But although it was known that the Roman Catholics had done it, still the king did not seem to be so much enraged against them, as against the pious Puritans, who had done him no harm, but were trying to do good. But you wished to know, Edward, why they wanted to keep them in England. Truly, it appears surprising that they should, seeing that they hated them so bad. Perhaps the king thought, if he kept them in England and punished them there, that others would be afraid to become Puritans.

“How slow men are,” said I, “to believe that the real children of God never can be frightened out of their religion!”

*Mr. Allerton.* Yes ; but those who think they can force Christians to give up their religion, are generally strangers to true godliness themselves. They are sensible that *they* would forsake their own religion if they had to suffer for its sake, and therefore they suppose others would do the same. This I take to be the reason why men are so slow to believe on this subject. If King James had known anything of the power of true religion himself, he would as soon have thought to smother the fires of a volcano, as to quench the spirit of Puritanism.

In the following spring the Puritans made another attempt to leave England. They told their story to a Dutch captain, and he promised to take them from a lonely beach where nobody would be likely to know it. The women and children and goods were sent there in a small vessel, and the men travelled by land, so as to avoid any suspicion. They came to the place a day before the ship arrived, and as the sea was rough, and some of the women sick, the sailors put their vessel into a small creek. Next morning the ship came ; but the other vessel was then aground, and they were obliged to wait till the tide came before they could get her off. In

order to lose no time the captain of the ship sent his boat to take in the men who were on shore. It happened just as they had got one boat load of men on board the ship and were going back after more, that the captain saw a great company of horsemen and foot soldiers, coming armed from the country. So fearing that he should get himself into trouble for carrying off these Puritans, he declared that he would stay no longer ; but immediately hoisted sail and was soon out of sight.

*Edward.* But what did he do with that boat load of Pilgrims he had taken into the ship ?

*Mr. Allerton.* Why, he carried them off with him, for he durst not stop to land them. Thus the men on board the ship were separated from their families ; with no other clothes than what they had on their backs—and no money in their pockets ! They wept bitterly, and begged to be set ashore ; but weeping did no good—away they must go, just as they were. A dreadful storm arose soon after, and the ship was driven far away from her course. The storm lasted two weeks, and for seven days together they saw neither sun, moon, nor stars. The terrified sailors once thought the ship was actually going



to the bottom, and shrieked out, "*we sink ! we sink !*" Meanwhile the Puritan passengers, in this awful scene, with calmness cried, "*yet Lord, thou canst save ! yet Lord, thou canst save !*" God, who "rules the raging of the sea," heard their cry and sent them deliverance. "He made the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof were still," and they arrived safely in Holland. The people there were astonished to see them come, for they supposed the ship must have been lost in such a dreadful storm.

*Emeline.* But what did become of those children and their mothers who could not get into the ship ? What did the soldiers do with them ?

*Edward.* Was Mr. Robinson there, or did he get on board ?

*Mr. Allerton.* My children, I wonder not that your thoughts fly back so soon to the shore where we left the rest ; for there, after all, was the scene of deepest distress. Mr. Robinson and some others, like brave generals, waited to see the feeblest on board before they went themselves, and so were left. The men all escaped, except a few who staid to assist the women and children. Wives were weeping after their husbands, whom the wind was now wafting from

their sight into a land of strangers. Children were clinging to their mothers, and shrieking out with fear at sight of the rough looking soldiers. O it was pitiful ! but there was no pity there. The kind voice of charity might have soothed the weeping throng ; but instead of it, persecution raised her hideous voice, terrible as death. The hard-hearted soldiers laid hold upon these afflicted mothers and their terrified children, and hurried them about from one place to another—from one officer to another. Some were for putting them all in prison. But this would not do ; for even their enemies felt that it was unreasonable to imprison so many women and children for no other crime than being obliged to go along with their husbands and fathers. Others advised to send them home ; but this was impossible ; for they had sold all their property, and had no homes to go to. After they had been harassed about in this manner for some time, their keepers were glad to get rid of them in any way, and let them go.

*Edward.* I should think every body must have pitied them, even if they did not like their religion.

*Mr. Allerton.* Your remark is just. We

naturally feel for beings in distress, whether they are men or beasts. And those who persecute others, always injure their own cause, and generally help those very persons whom they try to hurt. It was so in this case. The meek and Christian spirit with which the Puritans endured all these sufferings induced others to become Puritans, and their numbers were considerably increased by this means. At length, by courage and perseverance, they all crossed the ocean, and joined their friends who had gone before.

*Emeline.* How rejoiced they were, no doubt, when they got away from all their troubles, and met together once more !

*Mr. Allerton.* Do not suppose, my child, that they entirely escaped from trials when they escaped from England. Nobody ever gets clear of all trouble till they get into heaven. The Pilgrims settled first in Amsterdam, a large city, full of people, where they had business enough, and were able to gain a good living. But still they were not very well pleased with the place. So when they had lived there one year, they moved to Leyden, about twenty miles south from Amsterdam.

*Edward.* What was the cause of their moving? You said they had good business there.

*Mr. Allerton.* There were some religious disputes at that time amongst the people of Amsterdam; and Mr. John Smyth's church, which had come there from England the year before, was very much disturbed by them. Mr. Robinson was afraid that his own people would be drawn into dispute, and being a very peaceable man, he advised them to remove to Leyden, which they did in 1609.

"It is rather remarkable," said I, "that such a humble, quiet-minded man as Mr. Robinson appears to be, should have been a *leader* among the Puritans; especially when we consider that he lived in an age of dispute."

*Mr. Allerton.* But, Sir, you know that he who can dispute the best, does not always have the most influence with his fellow men. I believe you will find it to be a general fact, that a meek and pious life, like that of Jesus Christ, and his apostle John, is the most convincing argument that a man can bring in favor of true religion. Mr. Robinson led such a life. But then he was abundantly able to dispute, too, when he had occasion for it. Indeed, there

were few men, who could stand before him in argument. I will mention one fact which will show this.

While the Pilgrims lived in Leyden, the Arminian doctrines began to spread in Holland. The children here don't know, I suppose, what these doctrines are ; but you will probably know some time or other. I will just remark to you now, that the Arminians believe men can obtain heaven by their own works, without a new heart ; which the Bible contradicts. Well, there was a learned man in Leyden, whose name was Episcopius, and he was an Arminian. He gave out word, that he would dispute publicly, with anybody, and prove that the Arminian doctrines were true. Although there were many learned men in Leyden, nobody dared to dispute with Episcopius. The Pilgrims came to Mr. Robinson, therefore, and wished him to dispute with him. But he told them he was a stranger there, and should rather be excused. Yet when they convinced him that the truth was in danger from such a learned opposer as Episcopius, and that the cause of Christ was likely to suffer, he consented to dispute with him. So when the day came, Mr. Robinson went into a great public

assembly, and defended the truth so well against his opposer, that the Arminians felt beat. This was done on three different days: and all the pious people there praised God that the truth had gained such a victory over error.

But I must go on with the story. When the Pilgrims removed to Leyden, they knew that they must work harder for a living, than they did in Amsterdam. But they expected to live in greater peace, and to be better able to train up their children in the fear of the Lord. This last thing seemed to them of more consequence than money. They lived at Leyden about eleven years. In all this time they hired a meeting-house, where they worshipped God publicly in their own way.

*Edward.* I suppose their enemies in England could not distress them any more, could they?

*Mr. Allerton.* No, not much: and yet they tried to injure them in one way and another. They sometimes endeavored to make the people of Holland believe that the Puritans had run away from home because they were criminals. I recollect one fact, which I will mention. Soon after they came to Amsterdam, William Brad-

ford, a young man about eighteen years old, was seized by an officer one day, and brought before the judge. Some wicked passenger, who came in the ship with him, had told the officer that he ran away from England as a rogue. But when the judge heard the true cause of his coming to Holland, he was well satisfied, and let him go. Such false stories did them no harm in the end. Their neighbors saw that they were peaceable, and industrious, and honest; and therefore they helped the Puritans in many ways. Their numbers increased every year by the coming over of others from England, till they had a church of 300 members. And now they began to think of removing to America, and came in the year 1620.

*Edward.* Why did they come away from Leyden, grandpa? I thought they liked that place. Did they have any difficulty with the people there?

*Mr. Allerton.* None at all: though this story was reported by some of the English. On the contrary, the magistrates of Leyden gave this honorable account of them just before they left that city. "*These English,*" they said, "*have lived among us ten years, and yet we never had any suit or action against any of them.*" Nor

was it on account of a roving disposition, that they came. There was nothing they so much desired on earth as a fixed home. But they saw that Leyden was not to be their continuing city. It was so hard to get a living there, that many who came over from England to join them, soon spent all their property, and were obliged to go back again, or else live very poorly. Even the Pilgrims themselves began to feel that their strength was wearing out by hard labor. And this hard way of living caused many of their children to leave them and go to sea or into the army, when they grew up. This was a grief to their parents; but what grieved them most of all was, that their children were in danger of being drawn away into wicked practices by the evil examples of those around them. The holy Sabbath was much neglected in Leyden, and the young people there were growing wicked. They heard also that America was full of poor, ignorant Indians, who never heard of Christ; and they longed to carry the glad news of a Saviour to them. This was one of their principal reasons for wishing to come here.

*Emeline.* Did nobody but Indians live in America then?



*Mr. Allerton.* Yes, the Spaniards took possession of South America in a very cruel manner, and began to live there almost a hundred years before. But they had not done much with the Indians except destroy them. The English had attempted to settle in North America at several different times; but as they never came for any other reason than to get riches, they were soon discouraged and went back again. In the year 1607, which was about thirteen years before the Pilgrims came, an English company settled at Jamestown, in Virginia. But they were in a very weak condition at the time we are speaking of, having been almost destroyed by famine and the savage tribes around them. It was in the northern part of the country, belonging to this Virginia company, that the Pilgrims wanted to live, and where they would have gone, if the captain who brought them over had not deceived them.

But your question, Elneline, is carrying me ahead of my story a little. I was speaking of the reasons which led the Puritans to come here. You see that they were moved by religious considerations chiefly. They determined,

in the first place, to worship God in the way that they thought was right, *whatever it might cost them* ; and then to find a place where they could do it peaceably and leave the same liberty to their children. They turned their eyes towards America, therefore, and were willing to live in such a howling wilderness as this then was, if they might but gain this blessing. Accordingly they sent Mr. John Carver and Mr. Robert Cushman to England, to get leave from the king to settle in America.

*Edward.* What did he have to do with it ? Did America belong to the king of England ?

*Mr. Allerton.* No, my child ; King James, in reality, had no more right to this country then, than the Emperor of China has now. It properly belonged to the Indians, who lived here when the continent was discovered. But when Columbus discovered it, the kings of Europe *pretended* that they had a right to all the places which their own people saw first. And as nobody then disputed them, they called these places their own. The English claimed all this part of America, because it was seen first by them, and gave the Virginia company leave to settle where they did.

“What do *you* think, Sir, of this kind of right?” said the old man, turning to me.

“I was thinking,” said I, “while you spoke, how ridiculous it would look to see the inhabitants of some distant island come to these shores, and claim our continent as their own, because they had just discovered that there was such a continent. Or suppose that a number of Indians had sailed over to Europe just before Columbus came here, and had pretended that they had a right to all the countries there, because they discovered them—what would the people there have thought?”

“And yet,” returned Mr. Allerton, “they would have had the same *right* that the English had to this country. But so it was, and the Pilgrims sent two of their number, as I before said, to obtain a charter from the king.”

*Emeline.* What is a *charter*, grandpa’?

*Mr. Allerton.* A charter is a writing, which shows that the owner of it has certain rights and privileges granted to him. The charter that the Pilgrims wanted was a writing from the king to show that they had a right to some land in America, and liberty to make their own laws, and worship God as they wished. But it was

denied them, because they were *Puritans* ! They tried again, and persuaded some of the great men of the nation to help them. Sometimes they met with encouragement, and again were disappointed. Some spoke well of them, and others ill. Thus they were tossed between hope and fear. After spending a great deal of time and money, they at last gained a promise from the king, that they might have a parcel of land in America after they had lived upon it seven years : that he would not disturb them if they lived peaceably ; but he told them at the same time, that religious liberty would never be granted them by his authority.

Many of them were in doubt whether it would be safe for them to go with such a charter. A day of fasting and prayer was appointed ; for the Pilgrims always followed this direction of Solomon—"In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." Mr. Robinson preached a sermon, on that fast day, from 1 Sam. xxiii. 3, 4. Emeline, fetch the Bible and read that text.

Emeline brought the Bible and read, "And David's men said unto him, Behold, we be afraid here in Judah : how much more then if we come

to Keilah against the armies of the Philistines? Then David inquired of the Lord yet again. And the Lord answered him and said, Arise, go down to Keilah; for I will deliver the Philistines into thine hand."

"I guess Mr. Robinson advised them to go to America, did he not?" said Edward.

"Why," said his grandfather, "what makes you guess so?" Edward.

*Edward.* That text seems to speak encouragingly.

*Mr. Allerton.* But that text, you see, was spoken to David. It was David whom God there promises to assist, and not the Pilgrims.

"Yes," said Edward, after some hesitation, "I know it was; but does not God assist all others who are like David?"

*Mr. Allerton.* Exactly so, my child. All who obey him, may depend on his protection; while those who transgress his commands, ought never to take encouragement from his promises: for he never made a promise of good to one who disregarded him. "Them that honor me, I will honor; and they that despise me, shall be lightly esteemed." The Pilgrims meant to honor God,

and therefore they felt encouraged, no doubt, by the promise in that text.

After this day of solemn prayer, they made up their minds to go forward, and trust in Divine Providence for that protection, which they could not obtain from King James. And when you have heard their story through, you will see that David was right, when he said, "It is better to trust in the Lord, than to put confidence in men. It is better to trust in the Lord, than to put confidence in princes."

But I suppose I ought to stop here, and give you the rest at another time ; for the clock has just now struck *eight*.

Upon this, I looked up to the clock, which I had not before thought of, since he began his story, and was surprised to find, that a full hour had passed away since the children came into the room.

"And, I think," continued Mr. Allerton, "you must be tired of sitting here, by this time. And, if you are tired, you cannot be so much interested in my story ; and if you are not interested in it, you know, you will not remember it so well."

Here the children both answered together, saying, that they were not tired—that they could remember all he had told them—and should be glad to hear more, if their grandfather was willing.

*Mr. Allerton.* It seems very desirable, to be sure, my children, that we follow the Pilgrims across the ocean to these shores, before we leave them for the night, if your grandmother thinks it will do.

Mrs. Allerton was very ready to give her consent, that the children might be gratified ; though she told them, at the same time, she feared they would grow sleepy.

*Mr. Allerton.* But let me see if you remember the story as well as you think you do.

Tell me about Mr. Robinson's early life and character. When and why did his people form a new church ? Where did they meet on the Sabbath, for seven or eight years ? Tell me what you remember about Mr. Brewster. What was the first trouble they met with in removing from England to Holland ? What befel them the next time they tried ? Did they ever get to Holland ? Why did they think of coming to America ? What difficulties did they have in getting a charter ?

## CHAPTER III.

“For ye are not as yet come to the rest, and to the inheritance, which the Lord your God giveth you.”—*Moses*.

Break forth in songs, ye trees,  
As through your tops the breeze  
Sweeps from the sea !  
For on its rushing wings,  
To your cool shades and springs,  
That breeze a people brings,  
Exiled though free.—*Pierpont*.

*Mr. Allerton.* When the Pilgrims had determined upon removing to America, the next thing was, to agree among themselves who should go first : for they could not all leave Holland very well at once. On the whole, it seemed best that the younger part of the congregation, and their families, should go before the rest, because they were strong, and better able to bear hardships : and that the others should live in Holland till a settlement was begun in America. As soon as this question was settled, those who were to go, immediately set about getting ready for their voyage. Several of the richest of them sold



their estates, and put the money together. With this, they bought one small ship in Holland, called the Speedwell, and hired another larger one in London, named the Mayflower. When all things were ready for their departure, the whole congregation joined in keeping a day of fasting and prayer. On that solemn day, Mr. Robinson preached from these words of Ezra viii. 21. "I proclaimed a fast there, at the river Ahava, that we might afflict our souls before our God, to seek of him a right way for us, and for our little ones, and for all our substance."

After this, they left the city of Leyden, accompanied by most of their friends, and went to a small town called Delft Haven, where the Speedwell lay waiting for those who were going in her. The other ship, and all who were expecting to sail in her, were at Southampton, in England. The Pilgrims spent one night at Delft Haven, in Christian conversation, with very little sleep. The next day, which was the 2d of July, 1620, the wind being fair, the Pilgrims went on board, and their friends went with them. O, it was hard to part! for they knew not that they should ever meet again in this

world ; as indeed many of them never did. Tears, and sighs, and prayers, and blessings, all mingled in this parting scene. Even the strangers who stood upon the shore, could not help weeping at the sight. But the wind and tide, which wait for no one, did not allow them to stay any longer ; so falling down upon their knees in prayer, their beloved minister commended them to the care of that God, who was able to keep them safe amidst all the dangers of the deep, and the perils of the wilderness. They then embraced each other, and parted. The *Speedwell*, with a fair wind, was soon out of sight, on her way to Southampton ; and Mr. Robinson, with those who remained in Holland, went back to Leyden.

*Emeline.* But I thought Mr. Robinson was going with them. Didn't they have any minister then ?

*Mr. Allerton.* Mr. Robinson wanted to go, but as the largest part of his church stayed behind, he thought it was his duty to stay with them, till they all should go. But just as the Pilgrims were going to sail, he wrote them a very kind letter, in which he gave them much good advice. He said he should still be present with

them, by his love and earnest longing after their welfare, though he was constrained for a while to be bodily absent ; and that he had much rather bear his part of their first difficulties, if he were not held back by strong necessity. “ Make account of me, in the mean time,” says he, “ as a man divided in myself with great pain, and having my better part with you.” But their elder, Mr. Brewster, went with them.

*Emeline.* Does *elder* mean *minister* ?

*Mr. Allerton.* No ; not exactly. Elders, at that time, were persons chosen to assist the minister in ruling the church, and taking care of it. On this account, they were called ruling elders, to distinguish them from ministers themselves, who were sometimes called elders. They were required to be wise and good men. It was a part of their business, to see that the members of the church behaved like Christians, and to reprove them if they did not. Mr. Brewster used to do all this, and much more. After they left Holland for America, he preached to them regularly on the Sabbath, and prayed with them when they were sick, and did all that a minister could do.

Let us now follow these Pilgrims on their

watery way across the ocean, and see what befel them there. On the 5th of August, the two ships sailed from Southampton, but they had not gone far, before the *Speedwell* began to leak, and the captain said he was afraid to go any farther. So both ships returned, and the leaky ship was examined and mended. Again they set out together, and sailed about three hundred miles, when the same ship began to leak again : and back they had to go the second time !

*Edward.* How discouraging this was ! It really seemed as if Providence opposed their going to America.

*Mr. Allerton.* We must be careful, my son, how we take wrong views of Divine Providence. When we succeed well with any undertaking, we cannot be certain from this, that God is pleased with our doings : for prosperity has ruined many a person. Nor when we are disappointed in our plans, can we tell from this alone, that God dislikes our conduct : for the greatest disappointments often turn out to be the greatest blessings. Sometimes God seems to disappoint his people, on purpose to wean them from this world and fit them for heaven. You remember what troubles pious David had, and

what he said respecting them. “Before I was afflicted, I went astray ; but now have I kept thy word.” The Pilgrims thought all these trials were sent for their good, and therefore were not discouraged. The whole company judged it best to leave the leaky ship, and to let as many of her company get into the other vessel, as could be accommodated there. The Mayflower could not take them all, therefore some must be left. So here, you see, was another sad parting.

On the 6th of September, the Mayflower, commanded by Captain Jones, put to sea for the last time, all alone, with *one hundred and one Pilgrims*—a small and feeble band—crossing a stormy ocean—late in the year—a terrible winter coming on—their wives and children with them—going to a strange and savage land!—Precious cargo !

Father Allerton’s voice began to falter here, and he remained for a few moments in solemn silence—his eyes fast closed. Never before, in my life, did I contemplate the Pilgrims with such feelings. I seemed, for the moment, to behold the millions of their posterity, and all the wealth and grandeur of New England, and the political and religious destiny of all America,

lodged in one frail ship, tossed on the angry waves of a stormy ocean !

“ Precious cargo !” repeated Father Allerton, and paused again.

“ Never,” said I, “ did the Atlantic ocean bear on its bosom such a valuable burden from the mines of Potosi. It has been well said by a good man, that God, the great Husbandman of the world, *sifted three kingdoms, that he might plant the American wilderness with the finest wheat.*”

*Mr. Allerton.* True, Sir. I venture to say, there never has been seen such a society of people on earth, since that time. All who came over to this country in the Mayflower, came for the sake of religion ; and for that *pure* religion too, which was hated by the loose and profane. And then they lived such strict and holy lives, that no ungodly person could endure to be with them. Yet these are the men who were hunted from place to place like thieves and robbers. But I will say no more about their cruel treatment in England. Our fathers forgave their enemies, and prayed for them ; and we ought to turn our thoughts upon the pious character of the Pilgrims, rather than upon the persecuting

spirit of their enemies. The people of England have long since seen their mistake, and never again would do as their fathers did, if they should have an opportunity. The Lord told the children of Israel to "stand in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the *good* way, and *walk therein*." Let us follow the same advice.

The Mayflower, after sailing awhile with fair winds, was overtaken by a dreadful storm. The vessel was wrecked so badly, that some of the principal men on board had serious thoughts of returning. However, they kept on their way, and after a boisterous voyage of *nine weeks*, they came in sight of land, but knew not where. It proved to be Cape Cod, several hundred miles north of the place where they intended to settle. So after some talk with the captain, he tacked the ship about, and steered to the southward. When they had gone in that direction for half a day, they found themselves among shoals, and could go no further. With much difficulty, they were able to get back, at last, into Cape Cod harbor, on the 11th of November. Here the Pilgrims fell upon their knees, and gave thanks to that God, who had brought them safely through

so many seen and unseen dangers and difficulties.

*Edward.* Did they never get to Virginia, then, as they intended ?

*Mr. Allerton.* It was not Virginia, my child, but near the mouth of the Hudson river, where they wanted to settle. It is true, that place was then the northern part of what King James gave to the Virginia Company ; but the State of Virginia now does not reach so far to the north, you know.

*Emeline.* Why, the Hudson river, Edward, is in the State of New York, is it not ?

*Edward.* Yes ; and the city of New York, I suppose, stands very near the spot where the Pilgrims wished to land.

*Mr. Allerton.* You are right ; but that great city has all been built there since that time. The spot was then covered with woods. The Hudson river would have made a fine harbor for the Pilgrims, and the land was much better than where they stopped, and the winters not so cold. But they never reached that place.

*Edward.* The storm hindered them, I suppose.

*Mr. Allerton.* It was partly that ; for the



winter was so near, and the ocean so rough, when they came in sight of Cape Cod, that they were glad to stop anywhere. But this was not all. It was afterwards known, that Captain Jones had been hired not to carry them there, but to land them somewhere else, although the Pilgrims had agreed with him for a passage to that place, before they set out.

*Emeline.* How came he to do so, grandpa' ; who hired him ?

*Mr. Allerton.* Why, before they started from Holland, some of the Dutch heard that they talked of going to Hudson river, and these Dutch people thought it would be a good place for themselves : so they sent out a company of their own, while the Pilgrims were getting ready, and privately bargained with Capt. Jones to carry them somewhere else. It was on this account, no doubt, that he brought them to Cape Cod, and then pretended that he could get no further.

*Emeline.* What a wicked man that captain was, to lie and deceive them so !

*Mr. Allerton.* Some thought that the captain of the Speedwell told a lie too, and made his vessel leak on purpose, that he might go back ;

for he became sick of the voyage soon after he set out. All who do such things, forget that God's eye is upon them; and when they have forgotten that, they can lie or do any wicked thing without fear. But though they may cast off the fear of God, he still watches them just as close. He has told us what will be the awful portion of all liars—do you recollect it, Emeline?

Here Emeline repeated from memory,—“All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone.”

After a moment's pause, Father Allerton went on with his story.—God is able, my children, to make the wrath and lies of wicked men praise him, and help his church, and he did so now; for if the Pilgrims had gone to Hudson river, as they intended, it is very likely that they would have been destroyed by the barbarous Indians; for there were great multitudes of them living about there at that time.

*Edward.* And were there none on Cape Cod too?

*Mr. Allerton.* There were some, as you will presently see, though not a great many. But the place where they finally landed, had been

almost entirely cleared of Indians, by a mortal-sickness, which swept them off about two years before. I must tell you more about this in another place. Let us now return to the Pilgrims, and take our leave of them for the night. We have followed them through their perilous wanderings, till they at last reach this coast, late in the season, and the cold wintry storms are beginning to howl about them.

*Emeline.* Poor Pilgrims ! How did they live through the stormy winter without any friends or home ?

*Mr. Allerton.* Your question, Emeline, brings to mind a most interesting, though pitiful part of their story. But we must not enter upon it this evening, for you see it is now past our usual time for closing, and near the hour of prayer. Regularity is of great importance, especially to you, my children ; because you are now forming your habits for life. If Providence permit, I will continue this story of the Pilgrims to-morrow, and tell you how they lived through the next winter. But before we close this exercise, you may answer a few questions.

Did Mr. Robinson's church all leave Holland at once ? Tell me what you can remember about their preparations for leaving.

From what town did the Speedwell sail ? Why did not Mr. Robinson come with them ? Who came as their minister ? What troubles did they meet with on their voyage ? How many came ?

When the children had answered their grandfather's questions, the Bible and Psalm Book were brought forward. Father Allerton selected a suitable chapter, which the children read. After the old man had given a short and simple explanation of the passage, and made some practical remarks upon it, we all joined in singing the following verses of the 78th Psalm, and then united in prayer.

“ He bids us make his glories known,  
His works of power and grace ;  
And we'll convey his wonders down  
Through every rising race.

Our lips shall tell them to our sons,  
And they again to theirs ;  
That generations yet unborn  
May teach them to their heirs.

Thus shall they learn, in God alone  
Their hope securely stands ;  
That they may ne'er forget his works,  
But practice his commands.”

## CHAPTER IV.

“ In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea.”—*Paul*.

“ These are the great of earth,  
Great, not by kingly birth,  
Great in their well proved worth,  
Firm hearts and true.”—*Pierpont*.

ON the following morning, after breakfast, I walked out with Father Allerton, to view the surrounding country. We slowly ascended a neighboring hill, from which we had an extensive view of Massachusetts Bay, on the north and east. The morning was calm, and the smooth surface of the water looked like a sea of glass, spreading out before us till it seemed to edge upon the blue sky, and mingle imperceptibly with it. The southern prospect might be three miles in extent, presenting a varied landscape of meadows, pastures, ponds, and hills rising one above another, and a forest of oaks and pines beyond. The western view was broken at the distance of half a mile, by a range of

woody hills, which extended into the bay and formed a steep cliff.

“That promontory yonder,” said Mr. Allerton, “is the first land that meets the mariner’s eye, as he approaches this coast on his return from sea. He discovers that high land some time before he sees Cape Cod, notwithstanding the cape stretches along between him and this hill, and lies so far towards the east, too, that we can hardly discover it from here. Though, by the way, Sir, the air is so clear and the bay so smooth this morning, that you can get a tolerably good view of Cape Cod.”

Upon this I looked again, and saw what appeared like a low sand-bank, running along between the water and the sky, which I had not before noticed. The subject of our last evening’s conversation rushed into my mind so suddenly upon this discovery, that I could not help glancing my eye along the cape to see if I could find the *Mayflower*.

“Point me,” said I, “good Sir, to the spot where you left the Pilgrims last evening; for this bay seems to me like a sacred chart where we might trace out their pious and perilous wanderings.”

Father Allerton, lifting his staff, slowly fixed its direction.—“There, Sir,” he said, “that is exactly the spot where the Pilgrims first found a shelter on this New England shore, after they had passed the dangers of the ocean—more than two hundred years ago.”

I was sorry that he added this last remark—“two hundred years ago”—for I was willing to imagine that they were now on that very spot where I was looking.

“I should rejoice,” said I, “to sit down here upon this hill, and listen to the remainder of their story; for I can almost see them now sailing about here before us. If Edward and Eme-line were here, I should urge this request.”

Father Allerton smiled at my remark, and turning his eye towards the house, said, “I think you will have a chance to make your request, for the children, I see, are coming this way, and are now almost here. But such a request is unnecessary; I dare say it will give me as much pleasure to spend an half hour in talking about the Pilgrims, as you will feel in listening to me. Besides, these children will be more likely to remember the story if they

can see the places where some of the events occurred."

By this time the children had come up, and were delighted with the proposal. So we all sat down upon the side of a rock, and the old man began.

*Mr. Allerton.* Yonder, my children, is the cape, you see, and at the end of it is the harbor in which we left the Pilgrims last evening, on board the Mayflower. It was the 11th of November; and the lying captain had brought them to that dreary place, far from the spot where they wanted to go. But this was not the worst of it. He told them that they must look out a place near by, where they would be landed, and threatened to put them and their goods all out upon the beach where they were, if they did not find a place soon. He saw that winter was coming on, and he wished to get back to England before it came.

The shore where they were, looked so dreary and desolate, that they could not think of settling there. They agreed, therefore, to send off some of their number in the boat to examine the coast and look for a better place. But before any of



them left the ship, the Pilgrims made a set of laws and regulations, which they all promised to obey. Then they chose Mr. John Carver to be their Governor for one year. Whilst they were repairing the boat, Captain Miles Standish, a brave man, with fifteen others, offered to go ashore and travel by land in search of a place for settlement. They went with their guns, and were gone two days and two nights. During this time they travelled many miles, slept in the open air, got wet with rain, saw five or six Indians, but could not get near enough to speak with them, found some Indian corn buried under heaps of sand, and as it was the first they had ever seen, they brought some of it back with them to the ship.

*Edward.* But did no Indian corn grow in England nor Holland at that time?

*Mr. Allerton.* No; it was not known in any civilized part of the world until it was found among the Indians in America. On this account it is called *Indian* corn. By this time the boat was ready, and twenty-four of the Pilgrims, with nine or ten sailors, went in her to examine a certain place which Captain Standish and his company saw in their march, and which

they thought might be a good harbor. But a cold storm of wind, and rain, and snow came on soon after they left the ship, and drove them to the nearest shore. Here they had to wade in the cold water, by which means many of them took severe colds, and some never recovered. On the next morning they sailed to the spot, but soon found that it was no place for a settlement. They travelled about in the snow, which was a foot deep, shot several ducks and geese, which they cooked for supper, and slept at night under some pine trees. On the next morning they went to the spot where the Indian corn had been seen, and found a large quantity buried in the sand. Do you see that place yonder, which seems to rise a little above the rest of the cape? Well, it was somewhere about that rising ground, where they found the corn. The town of Truro now stands near the spot, and there is a hill in it which still goes by the name of *Cornhill*.

By this time some of the boat's company began to grow weary, and wished to go back. So they sent a part of their number to the ship, with about ten bushels of corn, which they dug out of the frozen sand. The others desired to look farther, and staid another night.

*Emeline.* Was it right for them to take away the Indians' corn ?

*Mr. Allerton.* The Pilgrims wished to pay for it, but the owners could not be found. However, they saw some of them about six months afterwards, and paid them as much as they asked. It seemed to be a good providence of God that they found this corn, for their store of provision was quite low before spring. By this means, too, they had seed to plant, without which, it seems they must have starved.

Those who staid behind, lodged there on the snow, as they all did the night before. Next day they found several Indian wigwams, or houses, and a number of curious things belonging to the Indians, but could not see any person. The boat came and they all went back to the ship. There they remained for one week, not knowing what to do. Several of the company died in the harbor of Cape Cod.

On the 6th of December they sent out their boat on a third voyage of discovery, with ten of their principal men, and about as many sailors. Messrs. Carver, Bradford, Winslow, Allerton, and Standish, were among the number. They determined to sail along the shore of the bay,

until they should find a suitable place for settlement, and then carry back word to the ship. The first day they saw about a dozen Indians on the shore, cutting up a whale that had drifted up on the beach. They landed not far from this place and spent the night. Here they saw the smoke of the Indian fires several miles off. In the morning they divided their company, and a part travelled by land, while the rest sailed along shore. Those on the land found a number of Indian wigwams, but saw no Indians, nor any good place for a settlement. Towards night the boat came ashore, and the two companies lodged together in the woods. They rose early next morning, and prayed to God for his guidance and blessing. Just about day-light, when they were getting ready to set out, they suddenly heard a great and strange cry, "*Woach ! woach ! ha hach woach !*" One of their men came running towards them exclaiming, *Indians ! Indians !* Immediately the Indians let fly their arrows at the Pilgrims, and the Pilgrims fired their guns at the Indians. Upon this the savages fled for their lives.

*Emeline.* Was any body killed, grandpa' ?

*Mr. Allerton.* We don't know how it was

with the Indians: but amongst the Pilgrims nobody was hurt in the least, although the arrows fell all around them like a shower of hail, and went through their clothes.

*Edward.* How are these arrows made?

*Mr. Allerton.* They are made in different ways. Most commonly they are nothing more than a straight stick about two feet long, with a sharp piece of flint stone fastened in one end. But with a good bow an Indian can shoot one of these so swift as to kill a person at a considerable distance. Some of the arrows that were shot at the Pilgrims were headed with brass, some with deer's horn, and others with eagles' claws. After this attack of the Indians the Pilgrims gave thanks to God for his preserving care, and sailed on their way.

*Edward.* Are all the Indians such savage creatures as to attack those who have done them no injury?

*Mr. Allerton.* They have a character widely different from that of white people. I will tell you something about their habits and disposition before I close this story, if I have time. One thing I will just remark of them now, which will show you why they treated the Pilgrims so.

They never forget a favor nor forgive an injury. And sometimes when a single individual insults them, they will hate the whole nation to which he belongs.

*Emeline.* When had the Pilgrims insulted them ?

*Mr. Allerton.* Never, my child. They never saw the Pilgrims before. But an English captain by the name of Hunt, several years before had come there to trade with them. One day he invited a number of them on board his vessel, and when he had got them there he carried them off into Spain, and sold them as slaves. The Indians never forgot this inhuman deed, but were ever upon the watch for revenge on the English. They afterwards said that this was the reason why they fell upon the Pilgrims. But we must leave this subject here, and follow the boat along these shores.

They sailed about 45 or 50 miles from the place where they stopped the night before, but found no good harbor. A storm also was coming on. The pilot told them of a harbor where he once stopped, which he thought they could reach before night, if they kept on their way. So they resolved to sail for it. That place was

Plymouth harbor, which you can almost see by the end of that point yonder, on our left. Their course to it was directly along these shores. Before the middle of the afternoon it began to snow and rain. The wind increased, and the sea was so rough that they broke their rudder. It was now as much as two men could do to steer the boat with a couple of oars. In this condition they passed along here—the wind was high—the snow flew thick—their rudder was broken!

The pilot bid them be of good cheer, for he said he could see the harbor ahead. The storm grew more severe, night was fast coming on, and they bore what sail they could that they might reach the place before dark. At last a violent gust of wind broke their mast into three pieces, and almost overset the boat. Yet by the good providence of God they escaped, and were passing into the harbor as they all supposed. But the pilot now found that he was mistaken in the place, and cried out, “*Lord, be merciful to us! my eyes never saw this place before.*” Here they would have been dashed against the shore in a few moments, if they had not turned the boat immediately, and got away. Now they

were among foaming waves, in a dark stormy night, and knew not which way to steer!

“What did become of them!” exclaimed the children, both at once.

*Mr. Allerton.* God took care of them, my children. Although it was very dark and stormy, yet, by the help of Providence, they got under the lee of a small island. But they knew not that it was an island, and durst not go on shore, lest they should fall among Indians. Some of them at last, worn out with fatigue and cold, ventured ashore, and with much difficulty kindled a fire. After midnight the wind shifted to the north, and the weather was so cold that they were all glad to leave the boat and get to the fire. In the morning they saw that they were upon an island secure from the Indians.

“What island was that?” said I, “Can we see it from here?”

*Mr. Allerton.* We can almost see it but not quite. You see that point of land which they call the Gurnet. Well, the island on which the Pilgrims spent the night lies a little to the south of it in the mouth of Plymouth harbor. It has ever since that time been called *Clark's Island*,



because Thomas Clark first ventured ashore upon it.

Here the Pilgrims dried their clothes ; and as it was the last day of the week, they rested themselves and prepared to keep the Sabbath there. When the holy Sabbath came, they spent the day in prayer and praise in the open air around their fire, and talked of the Lord's goodness and mercy. This was the first Christian Sabbath ever observed on these shores : and though they were few in number, and on a solitary island, still they kept it in a way more acceptable to God, no doubt, than many of their descendants have since done in large meeting-houses and with their ministers.

“ How many in our times,” said I, “ would think themselves altogether excused from observing the Lord's Day in such circumstances ! especially if their business was as pressing and important as the business of the Pilgrims then was.”

*Mr. Allerton.* Ah, sir, there has been a sad departure from the custom of our Fathers, in respect to this thing. They feared God, and obeyed his *fourth* command. They loved him, and took such delight in his worship, that the

would not have been excused from it, even if they might. They trusted in him too, for help in all their pursuits, and knew that nothing would be gained by working on his holy day. Alas! how has the glory departed from New England! My children, whenever you think of neglecting God's holy day, remember *where*, and *how*, the first Sabbath was kept in this country.

On Monday they examined the harbor, and found it convenient for vessels. They landed by stepping from their boat upon a rock in the edge of the water; and that rock has ever since been called *Forefathers' Rock*. They next took a view of the country, and found several brooks of good water, and saw where the Indians once had their cornfields, but saw no person. This was the 11th of December, Old Style, in the year 1620, which is the same as the 22d of December, as we now reckon.

*Emeline.* Why do you call it *Old Style*, grandpa? What does that mean?

*Mr. Allerton.* Old Style means the *old way* of reckoning the days of the month, and is just eleven days later than the New Style, which is now used. So that when you see the day of a month mentioned in the Old Style, you must add eleven days to it, and it will show the date, as

we now reckon. The Pilgrims used the Old Style, and therefore I have done so, when I have mentioned the days of the month.

*Edward.* Then we must call the day on which they landed at Plymouth, the 22d of December, must we not ?

*Mr. Allerton.* Yes, that is the day which we celebrate as the *Forefathers' Day*. When they had examined the harbor, and were satisfied that it was a good place for their settlement, they went back to the ship with the news ; and the Mayflower sailed to this harbor with all the Pilgrims. There we must leave them till this evening ; for I think your grandmother will hardly be willing to spare us all from home any longer.

As soon as Father Allerton had said this, Emeline rose suddenly from her seat, and began to run towards the house. In a few moments, however, she stopped to inquire if her grandfather wished to ask them any questions now. So on our way to the house Mr. Allerton made the following inquiries.

How did Capt. Jones treat the Pilgrims after they arrived at Cape Cod ? What did they do before they left the ship ? Give an account of their first attempt to find a place for settlement. Their second attempt. Tell me what you can remember of their third voyage of discovery. Where was the first Christian Sabbath held in New England ? When did they first land at Plymouth ?

## CHAPTER V.

“I will send my fear before thee, and will destroy all the people to whom thou shalt come, and I will make all thine enemies turn their backs unto thee.”—*Jehovah*.

“They wandered in a thorny maze,  
A vale of doubts and fears ;  
A night illum’d with sickly rays,  
A wilderness of tears.”—*Tappan*.

THE returning evening found the little family circle at Father Allerton’s, all comfortably seated, and waiting to hear more from the Pilgrims ; when Mr. Allerton thus began :—

“My children, we have followed the Pilgrims through many scenes of danger already, and have seen their Christian courage on many a trying occasion ; but their greatest trials remain yet to be told.”

“Then I was mistaken,” said Edward ; “for I told Emeline this afternoon, that I guessed the Pilgrims were comfortable and happy, after they left the ship and got settled on the land.”

*Mr. Allerton.* Do not suppose, from what I say, that they were not *happy*. They always

found a happiness in religion, which the world and all its trials could not take away. But you was very much mistaken, my son, if you thought the Pilgrims had fewer troubles on land, than they had on the sea. It is painful to think of the sufferings they endured through the first few years of their settlement here. But we ought to think of them often ; for many of our comforts came to us through their toil and suffering. And when we think of their toils, let us call to mind our blessings : and thank that merciful God who has shown us such unmerited kindness.

The ship sailed to the new-found harbor, as I told you, and after looking up to heaven for direction, about twenty of the Pilgrims went ashore to fix upon a spot for building houses ; for the country was all a wilderness then, and not a house was to be seen of any kind. They pitched upon a rising ground where had been an Indian cornfield several years before. As the weather was fair, they spent the night on shore, intending to go back to the ship next day. But in the night a storm arose, and they were obliged to wait two days and two nights, without any shelter, before they could return to the ship. After this they went to work and built one small

house for their common use. Then they divided their whole company into nineteen families, and marked out as many lots of land as there were families, and went to building as fast as they could. As soon as the houses were ready, they moved their families into them from the ship. But on account of bad weather and sickness, it took them nearly all winter to get moved and settled.

“It must have taken them a long time,” said I, “only to build as many houses as they needed, if they had nothing else to do.”

*Mr. Allerton.* It must indeed, if their houses were made like those which we now build. But they were not. The Pilgrims cut their timber in the woods near by, and put up little huts, for houses—the best that their time and means would allow. They were so anxious to get settled, that they moved on shore some time before they could be sheltered from the storm. In these miserable huts they lived, or rather *died*, through the rest of that cold winter.

Father Allerton paused in his story, and seemed like one whose mind is troubled with some sad tale, which still must be told. After a short pause, Emeline broke the silence by ask-

ing with a mournful tone of voice—"Did the Pilgrims *die*, grandpa'?"

*Mr. Allerton.* Yes, my dear, full *half* of these toil-worn Pilgrims died before the next spring. Their hardships at sea, and their fatigues on land, and their want of suitable accommodations, were altogether too much for human nature to bear. Three or four sometimes died in a single day: and at one time there were *only six or seven well persons to take care of all the sick!*

*Edward.* O shocking! did they have no doctor among them?

*Mr. Allerton.* No, nor minister either. But their good elder, Mr. Brewster, did the business of both. When almost all the rest were sick, he was spared; and although he was then an old man, he went about continually among them, giving medicine to the sick and praying with the dying. The sailors, too, on board the Mayflower, were sick at the same time, and half of them died.

"O if the Indians," said I, "had come upon them in this weak and helpless state, how easily they might have cut them all off!"

*Mr. Allerton.* This was indeed a most re-

markable providence of God, and must be reckoned among his "wonders of old" which we should remember. The Lord seemed to strike the natives with a dread of the Pilgrims, just as he did the inhabitants of Canaan with a fear of the Israelites when they took the promised land. They saw only six or seven Indians all winter, and these did not attempt to injure any one, but would always run away if any body went towards them. They frequently saw the bones and skulls of Indians lying above ground, as if a great many people had once lived there, but had died faster than they could be buried. All this appeared strange and mysterious to the Pilgrims, and they could not tell what to make of it, till they were informed the next spring by one of the natives.

*Emeline.* Pray how was it, grandpa' ? I long to hear.

*Mr. Allerton.* One day about the middle of March, an Indian came boldly into the settlement, and cried out, "*Welcome Englishmen ! Welcome Englishmen !*" They were surprised to see him there, for he was the first Indian they had met ; but more surprised still to hear him speak the English language. He told them his



name was *Samoset*, and that he learned that language of some fishermen, from England, on another part of the coast. The Pilgrims treated Samoset kindly, and kept him all night. He gave them much valuable information respecting the different parts of the country, and of the Indians, particularly of those who lived nearest to them. He told them that the place of their settlement, which they had named Plymouth, was called *Patuxet* by the Indians; that the former inhabitants of that place died of an extraordinary sickness four years ago; and that there was scarcely a man, woman or child, left to hinder them from taking possession of the land. By this remarkable event, it seems that God went before the Pilgrims, and prepared a place for them here, just as he did for the children of Israel in the land of Canaan.

*Edward.* And do you suppose the Indians were destroyed for their sins? My Sabbath school teacher said that the people of Canaan were.

*Mr. Allerton.* I told you last evening, you remember, that the wicked are not always openly punished, nor the good always thus rewarded, in this world. But still it sometimes happens, that

God visits the wicked in some dreadful manner here, as he did the Canaanites. However, this does not answer your question, Edward. The *Indians* believed that God sent that sickness among them for murdering some white people once. I will tell you the story which one of them told the Pilgrims, and leave it for you to form your own opinions about it.

Several years before the Mayflower came to Plymouth, a French ship was cast away on Cape Cod. But the sailors all got on shore, and saved their victuals and goods. The Indians around Plymouth, or Patuxet, as it was then called, heard of this shipwreck, and went there. After watching them slyly for some days, they took a convenient opportunity and killed them all but three or four. These they kept alive and sent them around from one chief to another, to make sport for them, treating them worse than slaves. One of these Frenchmen lived with them long enough to learn their language. He told them that God was angry at their wickedness, and would some time or other destroy them, and give their land to others who did not live so like beasts. The Indians laughed at this, and told him they were so many that God could not kill

them. He answered, "No matter how many you are, God can destroy you ; for he has many ways to do it, which you don't know of." Soon after the poor Frenchman's death, the plague broke out among them, and swept them off, as Samoset had related. Four years after this plague, the Pilgrims came. The Indians remembered what the Frenchman had said ; and as one part of it had come to pass, they began to fear that the other would also, and that they should lose their land. Therefore they were afraid of the white people, and ran away when they saw them. This is their story.

*Emeline.* Well, this is very curious ; it seems as if the hand of God was in it.

*Edward.* But if they feared that the Pilgrims would take away their land, I wonder why they did not muster all the Indians in the country, and try to prevent it in some way or other.

*Mr. Allerton.* It is truly wonderful that they did not. I know of no better reason for it, than that which Emeline has given—"the hand of God was in it." They might have killed all the Pilgrims as easily as not, when they were so few in number, and most of them sick ; and we should think they would have done it, if God

had not made them afraid of the white people just at that time. They never were afraid of them before, and did not seem to be afterwards. However, they did try to destroy them once, and in a very curious way, too. Soon after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, the Indians brought together all their powows or priests, into a dark and dismal swamp not far off, and spent three days in cursing their white neighbors in a most horrid manner.

“In this strange conduct,” said I, “they seem to have followed in the steps of Balaam.”

*Mr. Allerton.* Ay, and like him too, they were forced to say, “Surely there is no enchantment against Jacob, neither is there any divination against Israel.” The Pilgrims were unhurt by their cursing, for they knew nothing about it till a long time afterwards. But it shows us what the Indians would have done, if they had not been awed in some way; for these poor deluded beings really believed that their powows could curse the Pilgrims in such a manner that they would die immediately.

*Edward.* There was at least *one* friendly Indian among them, was there not? he who came and said, “Welcome Englishmen.”

*Mr. Allerton.* Yes : Samoset proved himself to be a true friend to the white people, and was the means of making other friends, especially Massasoit, who was then king of an Indian tribe. He lived about 40 miles from Plymouth, but was nearer than any other chief. The league of friendship between king Massasoit and our forefathers, was an event of so much importance to them, that I will relate the particulars. It shows, too, how they got possession of this land.

I told you just now, that Samoset lodged one night with the Pilgrims, and was treated kindly by them. The next morning they sent him back to his own people, but requested him to come again and bring others to trade with them. He promised that he would. On the following Sabbath he came with several other Indians, who appeared to be friendly, and brought some furs to sell. But as it was the Lord's Day, the Pilgrims did not trade with them. However, these natives were taken care of in a friendly manner while they stayed, and promised to come again in a day or two. Samoset remained at Plymouth. Three days passed away, but no Indians came. Samoset was therefore sent to in-

quire the cause. He returned the next day, at noon, with an Indian named Squantum, who used to live on the spot where the Pilgrims landed. He was one of those unfortunate natives whom Capt. Hunt carried off and sold. He was carried to Spain at first, but afterwards escaped into England, where he lived two years, and finally reached home. But on his return, he found none of his friends living. The plague, which broke out while he was gone, had swept them all off; so that he was the only native of Plymouth then living. Squantum became a good friend to the Pilgrims, and afterwards showed them how to plant their Indian corn, and where to catch fish, and many other things, which they knew nothing about.

These two Indians brought news, that their great king Massasoit was coming to see them, with his brother Quadequina. After an hour, the king came in sight on the top of a high hill, with a train of 60 men; and there they all stopped. Squantum was sent to them, and brought back word that the king wished to have one of the white men come to him. Mr. Edward Winslow was sent to know what he wanted, and to invite him into the town to see Governor

**Carver.** The king then left Mr. Winslow in the keeping of Quadequina, and went with 20 of his men to meet the white people. Captain Standish met him and conducted him into a house. After Gov. Carver and King Massasoit had kissed each other, as a mark of friendship, they sat down and conversed together.

*Edward.* Did you say that the Indians kept Mr. Winslow with them on the hill?

*Mr. Allerton.* Yes, until the king returned. Massasoit knew nothing about the Pilgrims, you see, and was afraid that they would take him prisoner, or kill him, if he went among them. And he would not venture, unless Mr. Winslow stayed behind; for he thought the white people would not dare hurt him whilst one of their number was in the hands of his men. Mr. Winslow was conducted safely back when the king returned. But Massasoit did not leave Plymouth till he and Gov. Carver had first made a league of friendship. The king gave the Pilgrims all the land around Plymouth, and promised that his people should not injure them nor steal their property. Gov. Carver made the same promise to him. The king also promised that his men should always leave their bows and

arrows behind, when they came among the white people. And they both agreed to help each other, if any tribe of Indians should make war upon either of them.

The king went home much pleased with his visit, and sent word around to all the Indian chiefs who were his friends, not to injure the white people at Plymouth; for if they did, he should join with his white friends in punishing them. So that instead of fearing any assault from the neighboring Indians, these same neighbors became a sort of bulwark around the little settlement at Plymouth.

“This was a very remarkable circumstance,” said I, “and seems to show the hand of God as clearly as anything we have yet seen. I think it is Solomon who says, ‘When a man’s ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him;’ and this affair of the Indians looks very much like it.”

*Mr. Allerton.* It does so. And I heartily pity those who cannot view the subject in this light. Yet there are some, you know, who can read the history of the Pilgrims through without noticing the hand of God once in it all. They speak of it as though the Fathers of New Eng-



land had done all these great wonders by their own wisdom and strength. But the pious Pilgrims would have blushed with shame if any body had told them so. For they knew and felt that "they got not the land in possession by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them ; but the right hand of God, and his arm, and the light of his countenance, because he had a favor unto them." And there are others, still more to be pitied, who boast that they are descended from the Pilgrims, and are always praising the Christian courage of their forefathers, and cannot doubt but that God was with them ; and yet these same persons despise that pure religion, which bore them through persecution at home, and cheered them on their perilous voyage, and sustained them in this howling wilderness. Yes, while they search after their graves, and build a marble monument over their dust, they ridicule those who live most like them now ! But in vain do they build the tombs of the Pilgrims, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous—if this is all. The Scribes and Pharisees did as much for their holy fathers ; and yet the wo of Christ came upon them with awful severity !

My children, if you would honor the names of these illustrious dead, you must maintain their principles, and follow their example. They "lived and walked with God." They suffered the loss of all things for Christ's sake, "rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for his name." It was the fear of God ever before their eyes, which took away the fear of men. Thus they lived. And it may be said of those who died in that first dreary winter, as it was said of the Old Testament patriarchs, "*These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and Pilgrims on the earth.*"

But there are many other interesting things to be said of them before their story is all told, which will show their character more clearly than anything you have yet heard. We have seen them settled at last on these shores. We shall next see how they go to work in laying the foundation of this great and powerful nation. But we will stop here for the present, and review the ground that we have gone over this evening.

When the ship came to Plymouth, what was the first thing they did? How long were they in getting moved and settled? What kind of houses did they build? How many died the first winter? What seemed to be the cause of it? Tell me about the first Indian they met, and what he said. What cause did the natives give for the plague? How did they once try to destroy the Pilgrims? Who was Squantum? Tell me about King Massasoit's visit to them. What do you think of these things? How can we honor the Pilgrims best?

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## CHAPTER VI.

“Behold the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy; to deliver their soul from death, and to keep them alive in famine.”—*Psalmist*.

“A grand-child to earth’s paradise is born,  
Well limb’d, well nerv’d, fair, rich, sweet, yet forlorn.”  
*Morell’s Poem on New England.*

*Mr. Allerton.* I shall not try to relate all that happened to the Pilgrims, after they came to this country; for that would make my story quite too long. Still I will endeavor to tell you so much that you shall have a tolerably correct view of those worthy men who once lived here, and whose dust is now mingled with the soil on which we tread.

When the next spring opened, Capt. Jones returned to England with the *Mayflower*. The sickness of his men prevented him from going sooner. The feeble band of Pilgrims were now left alone. Death had reduced their number to about 50, and many of these were still sick. The wide Atlantic ocean rolled between them and their beloved friends. Now they felt in-

deed that they were "strangers and pilgrims on the earth." But this only made them oftener think of that "country which is an heavenly," and of that "city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." They went to work as soon as they were able, and planted about 20 acres of Indian corn, Squantum showing them how. While they were doing this, Gov. Carver was suddenly taken sick, and died within a few days. His death was a great loss to the little Colony at Plymouth, for he was the most wealthy man among them, and had given a large part of his property to help forward the new settlement. But above all, he was a man of great wisdom and piety. Although he was Governor, he still would take his share of labor and fatigue with the rest. Indeed, he was in the field at work when he was first taken sick. They buried him with all the marks of honor and love that they could show. His affectionate wife, overcome by her loss, lived only six weeks after the death of her husband. They chose Mr. William Bradford for their next Governor. He had not entirely recovered from a long and dangerous sickness when he was elected to that

office ; and they appointed Mr. Isaac Allerton to assist him.

*Edward.* Did Massasoit still continue a friend to the Pilgrims, after Gov. Carver was dead ?

*Mr. Allerton.* Yes. In the month of July Mr. Winslow and Mr. Hopkins were sent to this Indian king with a present, and found that he was still their firm friend. One of Massasoit's chiefs, whose name was Hobamak, came back with the messengers, and lived at Plymouth all the rest of his days. He was a large, stout man, and had much influence with his countrymen, on account of his strength and courage. He assisted the new settlers in many ways, but especially by persuading the natives to make friendship with the white people. But it had like to have cost him his life once. For one day he and Squantum were sent on some business to Massasoit, and on their way they lodged at a place called by the Indians *Namasket*, but it is now the town of Middleborough. There an Indian, named Corbitant, who hated the English, found them, and attempted to stab Hobomok, for no other reason than because he was

a friend to the Pilgrims. Hobamak, however, being a stout man, cleared himself and ran to Plymouth, where he told what had happened, and said he feared that Squantum was killed. Immediately they sent Capt. Standish to the spot with 14 armed men. These surrounded the house, to hinder those within from running away, and Capt. Standish boldly entered to search for Corbitant; but the sly savage had escaped. When they found that Squantum was alive, they did no harm to the Indians, except that three of them were wounded by attempting to flee from the house while it was surrounded by the soldiers. These three were brought to Plymouth and cured, and then sent home again.

*Emeline.* I am glad they cured the poor Indians, for I should think this would have convinced them that the Pilgrims were their friends.

*Mr. Allerton.* This whole affair had a happy effect upon the natives through all those parts. When they saw how bold, and yet how kind the white people were, a number of chiefs came and wished to make a league of friendship with them, just as Massasoit had done. Even Corbitant himself came, or rather *sent* by Massasoit;

for he felt rather shy about seeing the Pilgrims, after what had happened.

The fall of the year was now coming on, and the settlers, mindful of their last winter's sufferings, began to repair their houses. They gathered in a good harvest of Indian corn, but their English grain was very poor. However, they got large quantities of fowl and fish during the autumn, by which they were much refreshed. Sometime in November, the ship *Fortune*, from England, came to Plymouth, and brought 35 more of their friends to live with them.

*Emeline.* I guess they were glad to see the Pilgrims once more.

*Edward.* And I presume the Pilgrims, too, were glad to welcome their old friends to their little town, which they had built there in the wilderness with so much labor.

*Mr. Allerton.* No doubt it was an occasion of joy on both sides ; but like many other joyful occasions it was followed by sorrow. For soon after the ship went away, they found that they had not provisions enough to last them all till another harvest. The 35 persons who had just arrived brought no supplies with them, and those who were there before, had barely enough for them-



selves. However, the Pilgrims gave the new comers a share of what they had, although it was found necessary in consequence of it, to put the whole company on half allowance. By the end of March, they had consumed all their corn, and lived chiefly on clams and other shell-fish, which they found in great abundance about Plymouth harbor. In the latter part of May, they sent Mr. Winslow with their boat to the eastern part of New England, to see if he could get some provisions from fishing vessels which used to come there from England. By the kindness of these fishermen, he obtained so much bread as amounted to a quarter of a pound a day till harvest time. But this you see was not enough : so they were obliged still to live in a great measure on clams.

*Emeline.* What would they have done, grandpa', if it had not been for the clams ?

*Mr. Allerton.* Indeed, my child, I cannot tell. Perhaps God would have fed them in some other way, for he never forsakes the righteous. Mr. Winslow himself, who wrote an account of their sufferings at this time, says, " If we had not been in a place where divers sorts of shell fish are, that may be taken with the hand, we

must have perished, unless God had raised some unknown or extraordinary means for our preservation." But famine was not the only trouble that they now feared. Some of the Indians began to boast how easy it would soon be to cut them all off in their weak state. And the news had just reached Plymouth, that nearly 400 of the English at the Virginia Colony, had been murdered by the savages a few months before !

*Edward.* O shocking !— But I thought the natives about Plymouth, were all friendly to the Pilgrims now.

*Mr. Allerton.* No, not *all*: but even if they had been, there were many living at a distance who were not; and the Indians go a great way sometimes to make war. I ought to have told you one circumstance before, which will show you how near the white people came to a war with the savages about this time. One day, soon after the ship *Fortune* left Plymouth, the *Narraganset* Indians, a large and warlike tribe, who lived near the bay which is still called the *Narraganset Bay*, sent a messenger to Plymouth, with a bundle of arrows tied together with a snake's skin. Nobody there knew what this present could mean, till *Squantum* returned,

who was away from home at the time. When he came they showed him the arrows, and he told them at once, that it was meant for a threatening and a challenge—the same as a declaration of war. Upon this, Gov. Bradford, trusting more to the promises of God, than to the strength of the Colony, sent word to the Narragansets, that if they loved war rather than peace, they might begin when they pleased: that the English had never done them any wrong, and were not afraid of them. He also sent back the snake's skin filled with powder and bullets.

“But did not the Indian messenger who brought the arrows,” I inquired, “state the reasons for this declaration of war?”

*Mr. Allerton.* No, he left them without making any explanation at all. The cause of this threat was probably this. Canonicus, the king of that tribe, was a proud man; and as the plague had greatly thinned all the neighboring tribes without touching his own, he thought it would be a good opportunity for him to gain the mastery over them. Especially he wished to conquer Massasoit; but he knew that he was united with the English, and that he must conquer them first. But the Governor's short an-

swer frightened Canonicus so much, that he never attacked either Plymouth or Massasoit. Still the Pilgrims expected that he would, and prepared for it. They built a high and strong fence around the town, and kept the gates locked every night. In order to be more safe they divided themselves into four companies, and kept a constant watch. During the next summer they built a large fort on the hill, directly back of the town, which is now the "Burying-hill" of Plymouth. This fort had a strong flat roof, upon which they placed their cannon. It was also fitted up for a *meeting-house*, and was used for that purpose during several years.

*Emeline.* O what a place for a meeting!

"I have heard," said I, "of meeting-houses being turned into forts, but I never before heard of a fort being turned into a meeting-house."

*Mr. Allerton.* It is a rare thing, to be sure; yet I cannot but think, if every military fort should be a house of prayer, that the miseries and vices of war would cease before long. It will be well, my children, to remember that *the first meeting-house in this country was a fort*, for it shows alike the *piety* and the *perils* of our Pilgrim Fathers.

The welcome harvest now was ripe, and the famishing settlers were refreshed with new corn, but it came far short of a whole year's supply.

*Edward.* I should suppose that they would have taken care to plant enough this year.

*Mr. Allerton.* They planted full 60 acres, my child, and thought that this would yield enough to last them through the year. But they had not then learned the best manner of cultivating Indian corn. The principal cause, however, of their small harvest was, that they were so weak for want of suitable food, that they could not tend their corn as they should. Famine now stared them in the face, and they knew not where to look for help, but to God alone.

“Could they get no corn from the natives?” I inquired.

*Mr. Allerton.* They had nothing to get it with. *Beads* and *knives* were the principal articles of trade with the Indians, and they had traded all these away for furs. They were now entirely out of trading stuff.

*Edward.* Pray what did they do?

*Mr. Allerton.* God, who hears the ravens when they cry and feeds them, heard the Pilgrims in their distress, and sent a ship to Ply-

mouth. It was an English vessel going to Virginia. She had a plenty of knives and beads on board, which the settlers bought, though at a very dear rate, and were by this means able to trade again with the Indians.

*Emeline.* What did they do with beads, grandpa' ?

*Mr. Allerton.* They wore them for ornament. Although they used to go half naked, and live in a savage manner, still they were very fond of ornaments. In November, Gov. Bradford, with a number of his men, went on a voyage around Cape Cod, to trade with the natives for corn. Squantum was their pilot and interpreter. They were driven by contrary winds into a place which is now called Chatham harbor. Here Squantum fell sick and died. Just before his death he desired the Governor to pray for him, that he might go to the place where the Englishmen's God lived.

"Do you think Squantum was a Christian, grandpa' ?" asked Emeline, with an anxious look.

"There is some reason, my dear," said Father Allerton, "to hope that he was. He had been living with the Pilgrims about two years, and probably he had been instructed in the Christian

religion ; at least he had heard much about the true God. His wish to go to the white men's heaven, considering that he had been trained up a savage, makes me hope that God changed his heart."

"The desire of Squantum," said I, "was quite unlike that of a South American Indian, who had lived among the Spaniards. On his death-bed he asked where the Spaniards went when they died, and being told that they went to heaven, he replied that he would rather go to hell then, for he thought he should be happiest where fewest Spaniards were."

*Mr. Allerton.* Thus we see that even the heathen, judge of our God and religion, by our lives and practices. Squantum loved the Pilgrims very much, and on his death-bed he gave what little he had to several of his white friends, as tokens of his love ; and all the Colony felt that they had lost a *friend* indeed.

After much trouble and many hardships they obtained a considerable quantity of corn and beans, but as one of their boats was injured, they were obliged to leave a part of their provision in the care of the Indians till another time. Capt. Standish afterwards went and found

it all safe. The captain made several other voyages to these parts after corn, and on one occasion he narrowly escaped being killed by an Indian.

*Edward.* Why, what was the matter ?

*Mr. Allerton.* I might have mentioned before that a number of loose and profane Englishmen had been brought over by one Capt. Weston, and left at a place which is now called *Weymouth*, about 30 miles north of Plymouth. Capt. Weston intended to establish a colony there like that at Plymouth ; but the men that he left to commence a settlement were very unlike the Pilgrims. After living some time in a most extravagant manner, and frequently boasting that their colony would soon outgrow Plymouth, they at last came to want, and stole from the natives. This enraged the Indians, and they secretly laid a plot to cut them off. But fearing that the Pilgrims would make war upon them if they did, they concluded to muster force enough to destroy Plymouth also. So they sent a messenger to the Indians on the Cape, and invited them to join the conspiracy. This messenger came while Capt. Standish was there after corn, and insulted him in many ways. The



captain saw, too, that the natives there behaved differently from what they had done formerly. When he was coming away a large Indian, who had always before been a friend to the whites, now *seemed* to be more friendly than ever, and offered to assist the captain in carrying corn to the boat. At night he desired to stay with them, intending to kill the captain when he was asleep. But it happened to be a cold night, and Capt. Standish could not sleep as usual. The Indian observed this and asked, in a very friendly manner, what the matter was? The captain answered that he could not tell, but he had no inclination to sleep. It was afterwards found that the Indian was intending to murder him; though nobody knew it at the time.

*Edward.* That was a narrow escape indeed; but I suppose this broke up the plot against the English, did it not?

*Mr. Allerton.* O no, the conspiracy was not stopped here, for Capt. Standish did not know anything about it then. Although the messenger came, as I said, while the white people were there, he was careful not to let *them* know what he wanted. But it came to light soon after; and a most shocking affair it would have been,

if the Pilgrims had not discovered it just as they did.

*Emeline.* I should like to hear how they found it out.

*Mr. Allerton.* Massasoit informed them of it. But the circumstances are so providential that I must relate them. Before Capt. Standish returned from his dangerous voyage, news came to Plymouth that Massasoit was sick and near to death. Gov. Bradford immediately sent Mr. Winslow and another man to visit him, and carry some medicine. Hobamak also went as their guide. When they came to the place, the house was so full of people that they could hardly get in. The Indian priests were trying, by all their savage arts and conjurations, to cure their dying king. But it seemed all in vain; his sight was wholly gone, and his body was growing cold—yet he still had his senses. They informed him that his friends, the English, had come. He inquired who? and they told him *Winslow*. He then wished to speak with him; and when Mr. Winslow came where he lay, and took his hand, the king said, “Are you Winslow?” He answered, “Yes.” Then the king twice repeated, “O Winslow! I shall never see

you again." Mr. Winslow told him that the Governor of Plymouth, hearing of his sickness, could not come himself, but had sent him some medicine. Massasoit immediately wished to take it. Mr. Winslow took some preserves with the point of his knife, and put it into his mouth, which he could hardly open. When it had dissolved he swallowed the juice, and those who stood by, were much rejoiced, saying that he had swallowed nothing before for two days. Mr. Winslow examined his mouth, and found it much furred, and the passage through his throat almost stopped. After his mouth and tongue had been cleansed, he swallowed much easier, and in half an hour they all could see a change in him. Presently his sight began to come to him. Mr. Winslow sent an Indian to Plymouth for something more, and offered to stay with Massasoit till the messenger returned. The king was wonderfully pleased with such unexpected kindness. Next day he desired Mr. Winslow to shoot some fowl and make him some English broth, such as he had tasted at Plymouth. Mr. Winslow went to work at the business, but Massasoit's appetite increased so fast that he could hardly wait till it was ready.

The king recovered rapidly, and acknowledged that Mr. Winslow had been the means of saving his life. "Now I see," said he, "that the English are my friends, and love me ; and whilst I live I will never forget this kindness they have showed me." Then he told him about the plot which the Massachusetts Indians had secretly laid to destroy the English, and stated the cause of the conspiracy, and what tribes were engaged in it. He said that he had been urged to join them, but refused. He advised the Pilgrims to prevent it speedily, by taking some of the chief conspirators before it was too late.

*Emeline.* Poor Massasoit ! he must have died soon if Mr. Winslow had not been there.

*Edward.* And if he had died then, it is very likely that the English would not have heard of the plot till it was too late !

"And if they had not discovered it," said I, "till it burst forth in savage fury, what a horrid scene must have followed !"

"Yes, truly," said Father Allerton, "I think we may set this down among the good providences of God towards the pious Pilgrims."

"But I am anxious to hear," said Edward, "how the Indian conspiracy turned out."

*Mr. Allerton.* When Gov. Bradford heard of this plot, he immediately laid it before the whole company, and asked their advice. It was soon agreed that Capt. Standish should go among the Massachusetts Indians with a sufficient number of armed men, and break up the conspiracy in the way that he should think best. Meanwhile a man came to Plymouth from Weston's plantation, and told a pitiful story about the miserable condition of the settlement. He said he dare not stay there any longer, for fear that the Indians would cut them off. He had never been at Plymouth before, and coming without any guide, he missed his way, and by that means escaped two natives, who followed him for the purpose of taking his life in the woods. His account made Capt. Standish hasten his march. He took only eight men with him, and went immediately to the settlement. When he came there, he found the company almost in a starving condition, and constantly fearing the attacks of the savages. While Capt. Standish was there a number of the principal Massachusetts Indians came to the settlement, and tried to provoke him into a quarrel with them. He watched their movements and heard their threats till he was

convinced that there must be some fighting done. A bloody contest followed, in which six Indians were killed! The rest were astonished at the courage of Capt. Standish and his men, and fled away terrified into the swamps and thickets.

“ Might not this affair have been settled without blood-shed?” said I.

*Mr. Allerton.* It is difficult, sir, to tell. I know it seems shocking to take the lives of our fellow beings. If it could have been avoided, no doubt it would have been much better. And I am entirely of Mr. Robinson’s mind, who said, when he heard of it, that it would have been happy if they had converted some of the natives before they killed any. But when we consider the dangerous conspiracy which was formed by no less than *eight tribes* of Indians, it is quite doubtful whether more blood would not have been shed, and perhaps the whole colony destroyed, if some of the leading conspirators had not been killed in the outset. Among those that fell was a notable chief, together with that same bold and bloody Indian who came to Cape Cod for assistance while Capt. Standish was there, and also one of his brothers. All the Indians who had promised to join with the

Massachusetts were terrified by this transaction, and never joined them. So this was the end of that dangerous conspiracy, and also of Capt. Weston's settlement at Weymouth.

*Edward.* Were Capt. Weston's men also killed in the fight?

*Mr. Allerton.* O no, not a white man was hurt. But they had suffered so many things, that they wished to remove from that place. Capt. Standish offered to bring them to Plymouth, but they begged him rather to help them on their way to the eastward, that they might get on board the fishing vessels and return to England; which he did. But before we leave them, I wish you would take particular notice that these were all stout, and able men when they came to live there; and boasted that they "had no women and children, and weak ones," and would "never fall into such a condition as the simple people at Plymouth had come to." But as I said before they were disorderly, profane persons; they neglected the holy Sabbath, had no prayers, no religious meetings, and lived without God in the world. Let their example be a warning to you, my grandchildren; and as we turn from them to the pious Pilgrims, let

us keep in mind the words of Paul : “ Godliness is profitable unto all things, *having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.*”

The Pilgrims, too, were in great extremities at this time, but God did not forsake them. Amid all their difficulties with the natives they were also suffering for want of food. They expected supplies from England, but none came. They now began to feel that they could no longer look to others for help, but must depend upon their own labor and the blessing of God for a living. In the spring of 1623, they planted more corn than ever before. But by the time they had finished planting, their victuals were wholly spent. Many a time when they had taken one meal, they knew not where they should find the next. Every morning they had need to pray, “ *Give us this day our daily bread ;*” and God always answered this prayer in one way or another. They had one boat left, and a fishing net, with which they caught bass : when these failed, they dug clams for a living. In the month of June their hopes of a harvest were nearly blasted by a distressing drought, which withered up their corn, and



made the grass look like dry hay. When Hobamak saw their cornfields in this sad state he appeared to be much alarmed for the Pilgrims, and said he feared they would lose all their corn and perish with hunger. "The Indians," said he, "can live in any way; but the English must starve if the corn is cut off."

In their distress the Pilgrims set apart a day for fasting, humiliation, and prayer, to seek help from God; and continued their religious exercises *eight or nine hours*. God heard their fervent prayers and sent them an answer which filled every one with admiration. Although the morning of their fast day was clear, and the weather very hot and dry during all the forenoon, yet before night it began to rain, and gentle showers continued to fall for many days, so that the ground became thoroughly soaked, and the drooping corn revived.

"This was a most remarkable answer to prayer," said I, "and reminds us of God's promise, 'while they are yet speaking, I will hear.'"

*Mr. Allerton.* True; the providence of God was so clearly seen, that the Indians said to the

Pilgrims, "Now we see that the Englishmen's God is a good God, for he has heard you, and sent you rain without storms, and tempests, and thunder, which usually come with our rain and break down our corn--surely your God is a good God." Our pious fathers did not soon forget this kindness of God. At a convenient time they set apart a day for public thanksgiving, and praised their heavenly benefactor for his goodness, as heartily as they had prayed for his mercy. They afterwards regularly kept an annual fast in the spring, and also a thanksgiving in the fall, which practice has come down to our days, though I fear it is seldom observed now in the pious manner of the Pilgrims.

*Emeline.* Well, I am sure I shall think of them next thanksgiving day, and will try to feel as they felt on those days.

*Mr. Allerton.* Your intention is a good one, my child, and I hope you will then do as you now say. But if you are as thankful in proportion to your blessings as they were, how very thankful you must be, Emeline! They had few comforts and many afflictions; you have many comforts and, I may say, *no* afflictions.

*Edward.* How did their harvest come in, that fall?

*Mr. Allerton.* By the blessing of God they had a plentiful harvest. But it is sad to think of their sufferings before their corn was ripe. They lived more than six months almost entirely on fish and fowl and ground-nuts—often without a full meal of these—and all this time they had not a morsel of bread! In July, the ship *Ann* came to Plymouth and brought some more of their friends: others came soon after. The Pilgrims were glad to see them, but the best dish that they could set before them was a boiled lobster, without bread, or any thing else but a cup of cold water. Their friends pitied their sufferings and all hoped soon to enjoy better days together, as they did after the next harvest was gathered.

I thought that I should have finished the story of the Pilgrims this evening, but I perceive that I shall not have time; for there are several important things of which I have not yet told. If you are so much interested in this subject as to remember what I have related, I will tell you the rest to-morrow evening.

What can you recollect of Gov. Carver's death and character? Who succeeded him? Tell me something about Hobamak and his affair with Corbitant. What hardships did the Pilgrims suffer during the next winter? What happened between the Narragansetts and the Pilgrims? Tell me about Squantum's death. Relate the circumstances of Capt. Standish's narrow escape. Give some account of Mr. Winslow's visit to Massassoit when he was sick. How was the Indian conspiracy broken up? What other trials had the Pilgrims at this time? Tell me about their fast and thanksgiving.

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## CHAPTER VII.

“The Lord our God be with us, as he was with our fathers; that he may incline our hearts unto him, to walk in all his ways and to keep his commandments, and his statutes which he commanded our fathers.”—*Solomon*.

“Ye churches, which to God  
Rise where our fathers trod,  
Guard well your trust—  
The faith that braved the sea,  
The truth that made them free,  
Their cherished purity,  
Their garner'd dust.”—*Pierpont*.

ON the following evening when we had taken our seats around our venerable instructor to hear the conclusion of his story of the Pilgrims, Father Allerton thus began :—

“We have followed the first settlers of New-England through nearly three years of toil and suffering in a savage wilderness. A brighter day now begins to dawn upon their history. Their severest trials ended with the year 1623, and many of their friends from England joined them about that time.”

*Edward.* How many in all were there now at Plymouth?

*Mr. Allerton.* Their number had increased to about 180, and the town contained thirty-two dwelling houses; they also began to keep cattle, and goats, and swine, which were sent from England. But although they were in more comfortable circumstances than formerly, still you must not suppose that they had the conveniences which we enjoy.

In the beginning of the year 1624, when the time for choosing officers came, Gov. Bradford desired that they would not elect him again; for he said if there was any honor in being Governor, others deserved it as much as he: and if it was a burden, it was but right that others should bear their part of it. But still they chose him again, for they were unwilling to release so worthy a man from that important office. However, at his request they increased the number of assistants to *five*. Hitherto there had been but one.

“It is interesting,” said I, “to behold such modesty in rulers, and such attachment between them and their subjects.”

*Mr. Allerton.* Ah, sir, the first Governors of

New-England were *men of God*; their *modesty* was *Christian humility*. They did not seek their own honor and interest, but the glory of God and the welfare of the people. They felt that it was a solemn thing to rule, and instead of coveting the honor, they often declined it. One fact will show this. In 1632, a law was passed in the colony, that whoever refused the office of Governor when he was properly chosen to it, should be fined £20, unless he had been Governor the year before; and whoever should refuse the office of assistant, should be fined £10.

“Such a law,” said I, “will never be needed again, for men generally love authority too well to decline it when offered.”

*Mr. Allerton.* And yet these early Governors were able men and as well qualified to rule, as any in our day. This same Gov. Bradford was a man of learning and wisdom. He was well acquainted with history, philosophy, and theology: he could speak the Dutch and French languages with ease; was master of the Latin and Greek; and studied the Hebrew more than either, that he might see with his own eyes, as he said, the oracles of God in their native

beauty. His wisdom was proved on many trying occasions. I will mention only one.

Before they had any preacher at Plymouth, except Elder Brewster, a minister by the name of John Lyford came over from England. At first he appeared like a humble Christian, and they employed him as their preacher, and treated him with great respect. Even the governor used to ask his advice in important affairs, as he did Elder Brewster's. In a short time, however, it appeared that Mr. Lyford was nothing better than a "wolf in sheep's clothing." For he and one John Oldham began to lay a plot by which the Puritan religion would have been overthrown, and the form of government changed, if the Governor had not outwitted them. They were very secret in all their doings, but still their conduct was suspected. At length, when the ship that brought him over was ready to return, Lyford was known to be very busy in writing, and sent many letters to England by the Captain. Gov. Bradford, fearing that he was in some mischief, took a boat with a few friends, and went out with the ship several miles. He told the captain what he feared, and called for



Lyford's and Oldham's letters. When they were opened it was found that they contained all manner of slander and falsehood, calculated to ruin the colony. In one of the letters Lyford stated what he and Oldham intended to do as soon as the ship was gone. The Governor took some of these letters, and copies of others, and returned to Plymouth, but said nothing; for he wished to see first what they would do. After watching the conduct of these two men for some time, it seemed evident that they were trying to raise a party for some dark purpose; so the Governor called a court and sent for them to appear. When the charges were brought against them, at first they denied them. Then Gov. Bradford read their letters, which shut their mouths, and proved them guilty. The court sentenced them both to leave the colony. Upon this, Oldham became furious, and called upon those who stood by to rise and help him get revenge; but no one answered or moved. He was ordered to leave the town immediately, but Lyford was suffered to remain six months, with the hope that he would repent of his wickedness, and do better. And, indeed, he did *seem* to repent; for he shed many tears, and made long confessions,

and said that his punishment was far less than he deserved, and that God might justly lay innocent blood to his charge. His penitence appeared so deep, that they thought proper to let him remain at Plymouth ; but his conduct afterwards, was, if possible, worse than before, and he was finally sent away.

*Edward.* What became of these two men at last ?

*Mr. Allerton.* Oldham sailed to Virginia soon after his banishment, and during a dreadful storm which overtook the vessel at sea, and which threatened them with instant death, he confessed all the wrongs he had done the church at Plymouth, and promised God that he would mend his ways if his life might be spared. He arrived safely to land, and ever after spake of the Pilgrims with respect. Some years afterwards, while he was trading with the natives, he got into a quarrel with them, and an Indian slew him with a hatchet. As for Lyford, he travelled about to different places, and finally died a miserable death at Virginia.

*Emeline.* Did you not say just now that he was a minister, and preached to the Pilgrims ?

*Mr. Allerton.* Yes, my child, but still he was

a bad man, as I fear *some* ministers are now. The Pilgrims not knowing his character, were desirous that he should preach to them till their beloved pastor, Mr. Robinson, should come.

*Emeline.* O where was Mr. Robinson all this while? Why did he not come to Plymouth before?

*Mr. Allerton.* He was still in Holland, though he wished to be at Plymouth, and the settlers were very anxious to have him there. But some of his former enemies in England prevented it. Several English merchants, who had concern in the Plymouth plantation, disliked Mr. Robinson, because he was a Puritan, and therefore did what they could to keep him back. Mr. Robinson and most of those who remained with him in Holland were poor, and unable to hire a passage to New England, and the people here were not yet able to help them. However, they hoped soon to do it, and were looking forward with joy to the day, when their minister and the rest of their dear friends would come to their new settlement; but God, whose ways are as high above ours, as the heavens are above the earth, saw fit to take him to a better country than this. He died in Holland on the first day of March,

in the year 1625, aged 50 years. He was held in high esteem by the city of Leyden and its university for his learning and piety, so that the magistrates, ministers, and scholars, mourned his death as a public loss, and followed him to the grave. Thus were the fond hopes of the Pilgrims suddenly turned into disappointment; but they saw the hand of a righteous God in this, as in every other affliction, and did not murmur, though they sincerely mourned over their loss. His widow and children were brought to Plymouth about four years after, with thirty-five other families of his church. The expense of their voyage was cheerfully borne by their brethren here, although it amounted to more than 1,600 dollars.

“This was a rare instance of Christian affection,” said I.

“It certainly was,” said Father Allerton, “considering the poor circumstances of the colonists at this time; but, sir, it was no more rare than that pure, evangelical piety, from which this brotherly love flowed as a stream from its fountain.”

*Emeline.* What did they do for a minister now? or did they have none?

*Mr. Allerton.* We cannot suppose that they would be willing to do without *any* preaching, after all that they had suffered for the sake of religion. They came into this wilderness that they might live "in the enjoyment of God's ordinances, according to the primitive pattern in his word." A good minister, therefore, was what they desired more than anything else: yet they could not obtain one for a number of years. Not long after their troubles with Mr. Lyford, a young minister by the name of Rogers, was sent over from England: but he became deranged, and they sent him back the next year. Then Mr. Ralph Smith came among them, and they settled him as their pastor, but he was dismissed after a few years, and again they were left destitute. Still they used to meet twice every Sabbath, and when they had no other preacher, their good Elder Brewster instructed them, who was the means of training many souls for heaven, though he never could be persuaded to settle as a regular minister. "It pleased the Lord at last," as they expressed it, "to send them Mr. John Reyner, an able and godly man, of a meek and humble spirit, the fruit of whose labors they enjoyed many years with much comfort, in peace

and agreement." He was not only a good preacher, but he also had an excellent faculty of instructing children, whom he sometimes met by themselves and heard them say their catechism.

*Emeline.* I suppose they used to attend the Sabbath school besides, did they not ?

*Edward.* Sabbath schools, Emeline, were not kept so long ago as that. Mr. Robert Raikes, you know, began Sabbath schools, and I believe he has not been dead a great many years.

*Mr. Allerton.* You are correct, Edward ; the kind of Sabbath schools which we now have, began in the year 1782—more than 150 years after the Pilgrims came to Plymouth. But still the first settlers of New England had what might be called Sabbath schools and Bible classes, both. You have already heard what was Mr. Reyner's manner. He was minister of Plymouth church about 20 years. Some time afterwards, when Mr. Cotton was settled there, he commenced catechising the children regularly once a fortnight, and the Elder assisted him. Besides this he had another meeting for the heads of families once in two months, which resembled a Bible class. He used to give out questions from the Bible, and they would all

bring in written answers at the next meeting. Then the minister read all these answers, and gave his own to each question.

“This is exactly the plan,” said I, “that my minister now pursues. I had thought that Bible class instruction was a late improvement, but it seems that the Pilgrims understood it in their day.”

*Mr. Allerton.* The same may be said respecting several other important subjects. They went before the age in which they lived, and struck out paths which appear new to us when we find them, because they have been buried up so long. For example, *Temperance Societies* were never heard of till within a few years past, and yet many of the Pilgrims acted upon the same principles, which are now encouraged by these valuable societies. That holy man, Elder Brewster, abstained entirely from all kinds of ardent spirit for many years before he died; and several others did the same. Yet we should think they needed it in their toilsome pilgrimage, *if ever it was needed*. But notwithstanding all his hardships and abstinence from spirit, Elder Brewster reached the good old age of *eighty-four* years.

*Emeline.* I wish you would tell us something more about him—he was such a good man.

*Mr. Allerton.* I will add a few words respecting his last days. Elder Brewster died at Plymouth in the spring of 1644. He breathed his last in the midst of his friends, without a groan or a struggle. So peacefully did he leave the world, that he seemed to those who stood around his dying bed, like one going to sleep. “Mark the perfect man and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace.”

It would require many hours to tell all that deserves to be told in honor of this venerable Pilgrim. In the ancient records of the first church at Plymouth it is written, that “he was wise and discreet; of a cheerful spirit; very sociable and pleasant among his friends; of an humble and modest mind; of a peaceable disposition; undervaluing himself, and his own abilities, and sometimes overvaluing others; inoffensive and innocent in his life and conversation, which gained him the love of those without, as well as those within. Yet he would tell them plainly of their faults and evils, both publicly and privately, but in such a manner as usually was well received from him.” Many other such



things stand there recorded of him, by those who lived when he did. But I doubt not that a still better record is made in the *Lamb's Book of Life*, where his name is written.

"It would afford me much satisfaction," said I, "to visit the grave of this man of God, before I return."

*Mr. Allerton.* Ah, sir, his grave, like that of many other Pilgrims of New England, cannot be found; his remains were interred in Plymouth burying-ground, but no one now living can tell where. His dust, with that of Governor Carver, will slumber in obscurity till the resurrection of the just.

"But I am still more surprised," said I, "to hear that the place of Gov. Carver's grave is not known."

*Mr. Allerton.* It is thought, but not certainly known, that his bones now lie under the corner stone of the *Universalist meeting-house* in Plymouth! At least, it is certain that he was buried, with all those who died during the first winter, on the bank just above the Forefathers' Rock, and not in the present burying-ground. That meeting-house now stands upon the very spot, and when its foundation was laid, the

bones of some of the Pilgrims were found and placed, as I said, under the corner stone!

*Edward.* Why did they build the house where they were buried?

*Mr. Allerton.* Houses had stood there, ever since the town was settled. . It has been handed down by old people, that the graves in that spot were levelled down soon after they were made, that the Indians might not know how many of the white people died during the first winter. Gov. Bradford was buried on the hill, and his grave is still seen.

*Edward.* How long did he live, after Elder Brewster died?

*Mr. Allerton.* About 13 years. His name, too, will no doubt be had in everlasting remembrance. You recollect that he was the second Governor of Plymouth. Well, he was chosen to that office more than 30 years, and was of unspeakable service to the colony, and to the church. At length, in the year 1657, he was taken sick, and on the day before his death, his mind was filled with unutterable joy, and the full assurance of eternal glory. He died in the 69th year of his age, deeply lamented by all who knew him. His whole history is very interest-

ing, but I shall add but a word or two to what I have already said. When he was young he joined the Puritans, and all his friends ridiculed him for it. When they saw that this did not move him, they threatened him ; but he frankly told them that he was not only willing to be reproached, but to part with every thing that was dear to him for the sake of Christ, and thanked God that he had made him willing to do so. He was Governor of Plymouth during the period of its infancy and danger, yet he never was discouraged. He had set his hope in God, and nothing could disturb him. And he has long since gone to his eternal rest, where he will never be sorry that he suffered so much for Christ.

When I was a child I learned some verses which he wrote a short time before his death ; and though there is not much poetry in them, they give us an interesting sketch of his life. I will repeat a few sentences, if I have not quite forgotten them.

From my young years in days of youth,  
God did make known to me his truth,  
And called me from my native place,  
For to enjoy the means of grace.

In wilderness he did me guide,  
And in strange lands for me provide.  
In fears and wants, through weal and woe,  
A pilgrim pass'd I, to and fro ;  
Oft left of those whom I did trust,  
How vain it is to rest on dust !  
A man of sorrows I have been,  
And many changes I have seen ;  
Wars, wants, peace, plenty, have I known ;  
And some advanced, others thrown down.

\* \* \* \* \*

My days are spent, old age is come,  
My strength it fails, my glass near run ;  
Now I will wait, when work is done,  
Until my happy change is come.

The children were highly pleased with Gov. Bradford's poetry, and wished that their grandfather could recollect more of it. But he told them that he had an old book somewhere in the house which contained the whole, and he would endeavor to find it for them at another time.

"I must now go back," said he, "to the year 1630, to tell you a few words about the *Massachusetts Colony* which commenced at that time, and then I shall close my story.

"But I thought you had been talking about *Massachusetts* all this while," said Edward with some surprise.

*Mr. Allerton.* O no, my son, but I see the cause of your mistake and will remove it.—Plymouth Colony extended over but a small part of what is now the State of Massachusetts. About ten years after it began to be settled, another and much larger settlement was made around Boston, called the Colony of *Massachusetts Bay*. It was commenced two years before at Neum-leak, which they named *Salem*. In 1630, no less than *fifteen hundred* persons landed, some at Salem, but most of them at Charlestown; and Boston soon became the principal town in that Colony.

*Emeline.* Pray where did so many people come from?

*Mr. Allerton.* They came from England, where the Plymouth people came from, and for the same reason—*persecution drove them here!* They were Puritans, and rather than give up that religion, they fled to the wild woods of America. In the course of twelve years *four thousand* people, and more than *seventy* ministers came from England to this country! Most of these, like the first settlers of Plymouth, were holy men, who cheerfully forsook the dear delights of home and native land, for the love

they bore to Christ and his cause. Their ministers were men of God, and men of learning—bold and fearless defenders of the truth. Some of them had been imprisoned, many had been fined, and all had been reproached for their Puritan religion. As they had “come out of much tribulation,” they were better fitted to encounter the difficulties of a new settlement in this wilderness.

*Edward.* They were so much like the Pilgrims, that I wonder why they did not come to Plymouth and live with them.

*Mr. Allerton.* They had found a more convenient place; a spot which the Plymouth people had often visited, and where they would have settled, if they had known the situation of the place when they first landed. However, you may well suppose that a strong friendship grew up between the Pilgrims and their Massachusetts neighbors, since they resembled each other so much in their character and condition. The two colonies helped one another, and felt like children of the same family, and finally were united into one. By the blessing of God upon their labors they grew rapidly and spread themselves over the whole of New England.

Such, my grandchildren, were the people who cleared up this wilderness, and planted it with towns, and churches, and schools. It was by the toils and sufferings of such men, that this great and happy nation began its existence. The foundations were laid in the prayers and tears of the pious Pilgrims, whose bones are now sleeping in the church-yards of New England. Their *sepulchres* are with us unto this day, but where are their *virtues*? Their names are held in remembrance by their posterity, but what has become of their piety? Where shall we now look for such governors, and ministers, and Christians, as were found among the Fathers of New England! Ah, when will another generation arise, so holy in heart and life, so resolute in defence of the truth, so self-denying in the cause of Christ, so fearless of human authority in religious matters, and so much afraid to break the least of God's commands?

Father Allerton became quite animated here in his delivery, and as he uttered the last words he cast a look of the most tender anxiety upon his grandchildren; then leaning back in his arm-chair, he paused, and covered his face with his handkerchief. No one interrupted the

silence for several moments; for the children seemed lost in serious reflection, and I was unwilling to divert their minds, by any remarks of my own. At length the old gentlemen recovering his usual posture, said,

“I have now finished my story of the Pilgrims;—but I hope you feel that *you*, my grandchildren, have not done with this subject yet. *Remember what sort of people your forefathers were, and follow their example.*”

When Father Allerton had said this, he questioned the children.

What kind of men were the first Governors of New England? Who was John Lyford and what was his character? Why did not Mr. Robinson come to Plymouth? Did the rest of his church ever come? How? Tell me something about the first ministers of Plymouth. Give an account of Elder Brewster's death and character. Also of Governor Bradford's. Repeat what you recollect about the Massachusetts Colony. What use should you make of this story of the Pilgrims?

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As the evening was not quite spent, we all conversed awhile on the patterns of virtue and piety which had been brought to our notice in



the course of the story, after which we sung the following beautiful hymn, composed by Mrs. Hemans, and then closed with family devotions.

The breaking waves dash'd high  
On the stern and rock-bound coast,  
And the woods, against a stormy sky,  
Their giant branches tost.

And the heavy night hung dark  
The hills and waters o'er,  
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark  
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,  
They, the true hearted came,  
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,  
And the trumpet that sings of fame ;

Not as the flying come,  
In silence and in fear,—  
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom  
With hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,  
And the stars heard and the sea !  
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang  
To the anthem of the free !

The ocean-eagle soar'd  
From his nest by the white wave's foam,  
And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd—  
This was their weloome home !

There were men with hoary hair,  
Amidst that Pilgrim band—  
Why had they come to wither there  
Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,  
Lit by her deep love's truth ;  
There was manhood's brow serenely high  
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ?—  
Bright jewels of the mine ?  
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ?—  
They sought a faith's pure shrine !

Ah, call it holy ground,  
The soil where first they trod !  
They have left unstain'd what there they found—  
Freedom to worship God !

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